BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1942

1/3

FERDINAND TUOHY F. MATANIA, R.I. JANE GORDON
NEGLEY FARSON PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Sew "Rufflette" Tape at top and bottom, over hem.

With curtain lying flat, knot cords at one end and pleat by pulling from other end. Do not cut loose ends, tuck into heading.

Slip hooks (or rings) into pockets, turnover fashion. No stitching necessary. Use rings for rod, hooks for runner rail

When the lights go up again

"When do you expect new supplies of 'Rufflette' curtain tape?" This is a question the harassed shopkeeper is often asked and is rarely able to answer. He knows he will get his fair share of the restricted output. Even so he still cannot avoid disappointing many of his customers. Of course there'll be ample supplies when the lights go up again .... enough "Rufflette" curtain accessories for every gaily curtained window.

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD

Makers of 'RUFFLETTE' BRAND

Rufflette BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets) also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

Factories: **MANCHESTER AND WYTHENSHAWE: FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.**

London Office: **156, Oxford St., W.1.** *Also* **British Empire Bldgs., N.Y.C.**

Templeton's "AYR" WOOLS

For five generations Templeton's "Ayr" Wools have given supreme satisfaction. To-day the supply is limited but you should ask for them.

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
Worsted Spinners · AYR · SCOTLAND

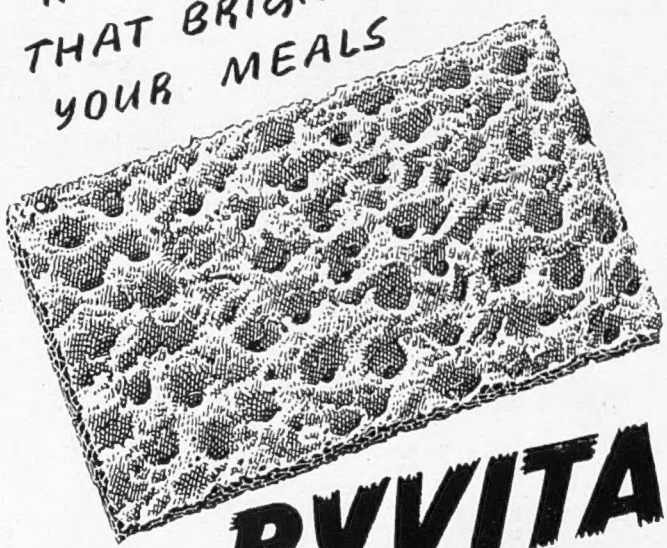
Liberty increased efficiency

The coming of coupons made me buy better shoes for economy's sake. I Walk with Liberty now. The others noticed my better walking as well as my smarter feet. They economised with Liberty too. Our greater comfort has increased the amount we do and made us happier. It is nice to know our feet are very much smarter, too. We do our bit for the country better because our feet are more efficient. War-time difficulties may sometimes delay Liberty models a little, but they are worth waiting for.

MANUFACTURERS B.E.1

LIBERTY SHOES LTD. - LEICESTER

HERE'S A BREAD THAT BRIGHTENS UP YOUR MEALS



CRUNCHY **RYVITA**

MADE FROM THE WHOLE GRAIN OF HOME GROWN RYE

Controlled price 10d. per pkt. (as pre-war) ONE POINT.

RYVITA CONTAINS NO IMPORTED INGREDIENTS

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 25, No. 4 OCTOBER, 1942

Cover Design
by *Heade*

Articles

Life Without France :
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrated by *Edgar Spenceley* 13 and 60

Prepare Your Mind :
by *Negley Farson*
Decorations by *J. Nicolson* 14–15 and 68

The Fifth Rib :
by *C. Patrick Thompson*
Illustrated by *J. Matthew* 16 and 68

They Built Their Bridge :
by *Trevor Allen* 25 and 66

Home Section

On Duty and Off :
by *Jane Gordon* 33

They Can Never Go Back :
by *Winifred Lewis* 34–35

Dress :
by *Jean Burnup* 36–37

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*

Rheumatism : 38

How Do You . . . 39

Our Point of View : 40

No Need to Shiver : 41

No Coupons Needed : 42

Tired of Housekeeping? 43

Cookery Pages :
by *Harriet Muir* 44–45

Knitting :
Sit Up and Look Pretty in Pink with Plum Ribbon 46 and 64

The Vest is Snug and Cosy, Likewise the Pants 46 and 64

Making Better Use of Leisure : 48

Lady In Rags :
by *Anna Zajaczkowska* 20 and 62

Old Tales Re-told :
Third Instalment of
The Trials and Triumphs of Christopher Columbus, Discoverer of the New World
Written and Illustrated
by *F. Matania, R.I.* 21–24 and 57

Passed By The Censor : 50

General

Books :
Reviewed by *Noel Thompson* 29 and 58

A War Factory Canteen : 53

Stories

Hero To Himself :
by *Dilys Kirk*
Illustrated by *W. Smithson-Broadhead* 9–12 and 58

Too Old For Service :
by *William G. Torode*
Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 17–19 and 54

The Last Heil ! :
by *Alan Hyder*
Illustrated by *M. Mackinlay* 26–28 and 67

Romance In Wartime :
by *Princess Paul Troubetzkoy*
Illustrated by *Jack Faulks* 30–32 and 62

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this Issue is 3d.

PYORRHOEA!
4 OUT OF 5 MAY BE VICTIMS

SORE GUMS TENDER GUMS INFLAMED GUMS BLEEDING GUMS

Tender, bleeding gums are danger signs, which neglected, lead to gum disease (Pyorrhœa). Daily use of Forhans will eradicate these gum affections — used in time, prevent them altogether.

Thousands of dentists use Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent. Thousands of them recommend Forhans Brand Special Formula Dentifrice which contains Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent. Don't let pyorrhoea claim *you* as a victim. Guard against it *now*— before it is too late! See your dentist, and start using Forhans to-day! In three sizes.

Only FORHANS Brand contains the "special formula" Anti-Pyorrhoea Astringent.

"JUST BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT" . .
R. J. Forhan D.D.S.

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

Food for the picking

Blackberrying is a traditional custom that most of us have enjoyed at one time or another. There are other Hedgerow Harvests too, that provide good things for the larder. So why not take the children and go a-harvesting? Be sure, however, that in their excitement they do not damage bushes or hedges, or walk through growing crops, or gather mushrooms, for instance, in fields without getting the farmer's permission.

Elderberries are delicious stewed with half-and-half apple; or made into jam with an equal quantity of blackberries. Wash and strip them from the stems before using.

Sloes look like tiny damsons. They are too sour to use as stewed fruit, but make a delightful preserve with marrow.

Crab Apples. For a drink or flavouring, Crab Apple juice is a good substitute for lemon juice. Put the apples to sweat, choose only the sound ones, take off stalks, beat the fruit to a mash and press the juice through a thick cloth. Leave for a day or two until bubbles appear. Put into clean dry bottles and cork well, securing the cork with wire. Store in a cool place. The juice will be ready in about a month's time.

Rowan-berries (Mountain Ash) make a preserve with a pleasant tang, admirable to serve with cold meats. You can make the preserve of the berries alone, or with a couple of apples to each pound of berries.

Hips and Haws should not be picked until perfectly ripe. Hips—the berries of the wild rose, make a vitamin-rich jam. Haws—the berries of the may-tree, make a brown jelly that is very like guava jelly.

Nuts. Cobnuts, walnuts, chestnuts and filberts are good keepers. Choose very sound, well-coloured nuts. Remove them from their husks, spread them out and leave to dry overnight. Pack cobnuts and filberts tightly into jars or crocks and cover with an inch layer of crushed block salt. Pack walnuts and chestnuts in a similar manner but cover with an inch layer of sand instead of salt. If the containers have lids, put them on top as an extra precaution against shrivelling. Packed in this way, your nuts should keep till Christmas. Beechnuts make good eating, too. Store them as you would cobnuts. Use as almonds.

Mushrooms are very easy to dry and make an excellent flavouring for winter soups and dishes. Small button mushrooms are best for drying. Gather them in the early morning; before the mushroom fly has had time to attack them. Simply spread them out to dry in the air.

Blackberry and Apple Jam. Here is a favourite recipe:—4 *lbs. firm blackberries,* 1½ *lbs. sour apples,* 4½ *lbs. sugar,* 1 *breakfastcupful water.*

Core and slice the apples. Put in the preserving pan with the water and cook till quite soft. Add the blackberries and bring to the simmer. Simmer for 5 minutes, then add the sugar (warmed) and boil rapidly until setting point is reached. (Make first test after 10 minutes.) Put into hot jars and seal.

Hedgerow Harvest Leaflet containing many useful recipes for using wild produce will be sent to all who ask. Please send postcards only, addressed to The Ministry of Food, Room 628A, London, W.1.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

(S46)

What's next?

Yesterday the spit . . .
. . . the kitchen range;
today the electric cooker
. . . *and tomorrow?*
Science progresses and with peace will come a range of G.E.C. quality products incorporating the results of never-ending G.E.C. research

G.E.C.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Worth looking forward to

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

Here comes To-morrow...

They're only children now. But they're To-morrow . . . all our To-morrows. They're the future. They're the ideas and the ideals we're fighting for. Upon our efforts to-day depend all our To-morrows . . .

With many of us earning more money to-day than ever before, we have a golden chance of staking a claim in the future. By saving and lending to-day we are making our money serve a double purpose . . . Now it buys the weapons of attack . . . In the future (with the interest it has earned) it will allow us to seize the opportunities which the world of To-morrow will offer to us and to our children.

Secure to-morrow by saving to-day

Savings Bonds. National War Bonds. Defence Bonds. National Savings Certificates. Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks.

Issued by The National Savings Committee

Lips with a Dress Sense

. . lips with a purpose in life—coupon-free accessories of your coupon ward-robe . . . harmonious, glowingly warm, long-lasting . . . with GALA. Not always easy to find is GALA, but how worth the seeking. Buy GALA wherever you can and add that touch of poise and preparedness for to-day . . . that touch of brightness and hope for to-morrow.

Gala

Gala Lipstick 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6. Also Gala Facial Cream and New size Powder, 4/6 each.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN

Pomeroy

War's alarms, he's coming on leave . . . he's going overseas . . . situation critical . . . make-up in short supply. No, no ersatz, thanks. Oh joy! Pomeroy coming up . . . Only a little, of course, but what a comfort — the real thing . . . And, on the way, an hour in Pomeroy Salon in Bond Street. Situation fully restored. Beauty moves forward to the attack.

JEANNETTE

Pomeroy

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

27 OLD BOND STREET, W.1

Pomeroy Skin Food **Pomeroy Day Cream**
Pomeroy Powder **Pomeroy Lipstick**
Pomeroy Cleansing Cream **Pomeroy Beauty Milk**

Prices from 2/2 to 11/3 ★ Inclusive of Purchase Tax

"I'M MRS. J. M. O. PORTER"

Janet Mary Olive Porter
Made her gravies just like water,
So, to make them nice and thick
She went and tried the flour trick
Then the family all got grumpy,
Said "this gravy's awful lumpy".
Now she knows that to succeed,

BISTO

is the thing you need!

Snow White.....

and the satisfaction of saving fuel

Parozone gives a beauty and whiteness to Bed Linen, Table Linen, Toilet Sets and Towels that is unsurpassed. Wash your white things in the usual way, then steep them overnight in the solution of one teacupful of Parozone to eight gallons of cold water. When rinsed out they are ready to dry, whiter and lovelier than ever before.

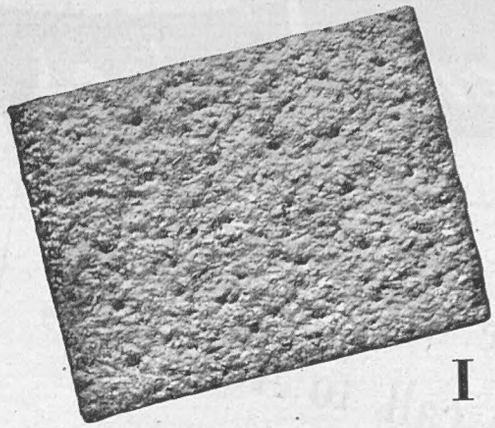
And by using Parozone you will be aiding the national effort to save coal . . . for Parozone gives beauty and cleanliness without the expenditure of coal, gas or electricity now so vital to the Country's vastly expanding War needs.

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

PAROZONE REG'D

PRE-WAR QUALITY and PRE-WAR PRICE

Head Office, Glasgow, and at London and Nottingham



I am

the essential goodness of fine English wheat ; I am the embodiment of its health-promoting, strength-sustaining value.

I am the perfection of wholesomeness and manufacturing excellence ; I am light, crisp, appetising, very easy on digestion.

I am delicious alone ; still more so accompanied by butter, cheese, preserves or pastes ; I am an invaluable food standby. I am

MACVITA

You can obtain me only through retail Shops and Stores

Made by McVITIE & PRICE LTD.
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

Treasure hunt

. . . for La Laine knitting wool is limited in quantity but maintains the same high standard of quality.

LA LAINE knitting wool

Jersey from La Laine Leaflet No. 2128

In difficulty write Bairns-Wear Ltd., Dept. LL.55, Nottingham

CVS-L23

BY APPOINTMENT

ATKINSONS

Eau de Cologne

Other times, other mothers. The Victorian mamma, bustled, breathlessly corseted, reading Ouida (in secret) to relieve her boredom, would have been surprised to hear that today the hand that rocks the cradle also tickles a carburettor or turns a screw to a hairbreadth of an inch. Yet both women share a preference for Atkinsons enchanting Eau de Cologne — to crystallize her charm, to revive flagging spirits, to soothe jaded nerves. There is no other Eau de Cologne so delightful, but please be patient if you can't always get it these days—Atkinsons is on war service too.

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

AEC 134-469

'Celanese' TRADE MARK

makes your Coupons go further!

Since you spend your Coupons as wisely as your money you will find it well worth while to insist on 'Celanese.' Quality of appearance — Washing quality — Wearing quality — you have them all in 'Celanese.' For yourself and your family it will pay you to look for 'Celanese' if you do not find it in the first shop you visit.

For special needs and occasions

we are still making some stockings that do not come within the Utility specification. Production is strictly limited, but all supplies are distributed fairly among Aristoc dealers.

'RAYSTOC' (Rayon) **'ARISTILE'** (Lisle) ★ **UTILITY** (Rayon & Lisle)

Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRATS OF WARTIME STOCKINGS

Famous Sayings

"The time has come for a call to Austerity"

—LORD WOOLTON
Food Minister.

Famous Biscuits

Austerity means simply going without — mainly the things you most like. Your favourite Huntley & Palmers biscuits, in the form and quantity to which you have been accustomed, among them. The limited quantities now being produced are distributed in conformity with the national "zoning" scheme. Scrupulous fairness is assured, due regard being taken of area population changes.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

WHEN the men of the Merchant Navy come ashore on leave, they may find themselves in strange parts, far from their homes and their friends. Like their "opposite numbers" in the Royal Navy, they know they can always find recreation for both body and mind, a warm welcome and a helping hand if needed, at any of the Y.M.C.A. centres in our seaport towns.

But there are not enough Y.M.C.A. centres and services. There can never be too many so long as the war lasts.

You can help to make sure these lads will not be disappointed—these lads who are risking their lives for you. Send a contribution *to-day* to the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund. Send all you can spare, more money is urgently needed to carry on this necessary work for our seamen, soldiers and airmen at home and overseas.

Y.M.C.A.

THE NATIONAL Y.M.C.A. WAR SERVICE FUND D.P.5
(*Registered under the War Charities Act*, 1940)

To the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B. 112, Great Russell St.,
President: National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund. London, W.C.1.
Vice-President: The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London (Lt.-Col. Sir John Laurie, T.D.)

I am glad to contribute £ : : to the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund.

Name (and Title) _____

Address _____

_____

Kindly pin this coupon to your cheque or P.O. Every contribution will be acknowledged.

SODA

"Of course, there are a lot of people," she said slowly, "who haven't real courage, but who in wartime have to find it somehow"

Hero To Himself

The Story of a Fighter-Pilot who was Afraid of Being Afraid

By Dilys Kirk

"CONGRATULATIONS, sir," said Alf, the barman, "and happy landings."

"Thanks." He grinned, and raised his glass. In the mirror behind Alf's head he could see himself. What they call a gallant figure, he thought, and grinned wider on the thought. He was not above average height, dark and lean, attractive, but not particularly good-looking. His uniform was well pressed and clean, but showed unmistakable signs of wear and tear, a greying of the white wings on his left breast. Only the small strip of diagonally striped ribbon under the wings shone unmistakably bright and new.

He put a tentative finger to it and caressed it slowly. For a moment his face sobered into a coldly speculative mask, a little pulse jumped furiously to life between his black brows, and his shoulders twitched in an involuntary shudder.

He raised his head to meet the friendly gaze of Alf.

"Not getting a cold, are you, sir?"

"Cold? No—just wondering why they gave me this." Ruefully, he touched his ribbon again.

A flush crept up behind the kindly eyes of the older man, and he leaned forward across the bar, his voice a little husky.

"Because you 're a brave man, sir," he said, almost defiantly. "Group Captain Howard was in earlier, and he was telling me about it."

He finished with some embarrassment, and started to rub a glass vigorously.

"A brave man?" The airman shook his head slowly, grinning all the while.

"Howard has a sure future as a gossip writer all right. Bet he told you some tale—probably about one of his own scraps. Now, he 's the sort of chap that really earned his decorations. He 's got more guts in his little finger than most of us in our whole make-up, including me. Yes, he 's one of the best—let 's drink to him, Alf."

He raised his glass to the barman's and drank down his whisky.

"I 'm waiting for someone, Alf. Someone important. I 'll be sitting over there in the corner."

The barman smiled.

"I 'll keep an eye for the lady, sir."

"Good."

He slipped off the stool and, going across the room, settled himself deep in an armchair and unfolded his evening paper. He read the news desultorily, hardly taking in the sense of what he read, until suddenly his astonished eye caught the shape and pattern of his own name.

"Story of a Hero," were the words over a photograph, and under it he read, "Pilot Officer Reid leaving Buckingham Palace recently after receiving his D.F.C. from the King. His story is told below."

With curiosity, and some amusement, he settled down to read about himself.

"Pilot Officer Lawrence Reid, who has achieved fame and won the D.F.C. for bringing down a Messerschmitt 109 by ramming it at the almost certain risk of his own life, has from the outset of his career as a fighter-pilot shown exceptional courage. This officer, who received his wings only five months ago, destroyed two enemy aircraft on his first operational flight. . . ."

Two enemy aircraft! Exceptional courage! Five months ago! It was true, and yet it wasn't . . . because it hadn't been a bit like the newspaper story—not really . . . the way they wrote of it made it out to have been a gay and gallant adventure.

His mouth twisted ironically and the paper in his hands rustled for a moment in his loosened grip and then fell limply to the floor. With a nervous gesture he found his cigarette-case and, lighting a cigarette, he drew the smoke hungrily, almost gratefully, deep into his lungs, and as he exhaled it into the bright warm air of the bar, it swirled and formed, dragging him back to memory of himself five months ago—and memory of one day in particular that would always live in his consciousness as a whole eternity of time.

HE 'D been impatient to get his wings and get on with the job. He and all the other cadets lived, talked and dreamt of little else than flying. A couple of days after he had got his wings he 'd gone on leave, and it was the day before he went that it struck him for the first time with full and horrifying force exactly what it meant to be a fighter-pilot.

It came to him with sudden, sickening and shaming fear that the next time he went up—the very next time—it would be for no mimic battle, but for the real thing, and that on his success would certainly depend his own life, and maybe the lives of others. Quickly he 'd closed his mind like a shutter against further thinking—he 'd said to himself that probably everybody feels like this—it 's what they called in the last war the "going-over-the-top feeling." Yet, though he could shy away from the sudden swift fears and imaginings that continually leapt to the surface of his thoughts, he couldn't

still or kill the seed of suspicion, that took root in the soul of him, that he was a coward. He went home on leave, and the pride his parents took in him and the congratulations of people he 'd known as a kid all helped to dull his real feelings for a while, but even so there was one moment on his arrival when, as he stood with his father's hand on his arm, he was caught and fascinated by the look of sick fear on his mother's face as she stared at the wings on his breast. Then she 'd raised her eyes to his and her lips had quivered for a moment before she strained them into a proud and congratulatory smile.

" It seems only the other day," she said, " that you were a little boy—and now look at you."

He 'd had a ridiculous, a passionate desire, to be only a little boy again, to be able to clutch hold of her hand, to be able to explain to her how coldly lonely and fearful he felt. . . .

" Well," his father said, " it 's nice to have you back—how long have you got ? "

" Ten days," he said, and then he grinned at his mother. " I expect you to make a fuss of me."

She brightened and slipped an arm through his.

" Your father thought we 'd give a party for you to-morrow night. There are one or two of your friends home on leave too—and Jonny Howard —you remember him ?—he 's due to-morrow. Your father asked him to stay with us."

" Why, that 's marvellous," he said. And he meant it, because it suddenly came to him that he might be able to talk to Howard, who 'd been through the last war as a pilot, and discover if it wasn't true that everybody felt in the beginning as funky as he did.

But on the following day he hadn't been able to talk to Howard ; there didn't seem to be the opportunity, or maybe his own shame in his fears denied him the opportunity. Jonny Howard, a slim, blond man of forty-odd, had been a pilot in the old R.F.C., and was now the C.O. of a fighter station in the South of England. He took the immediate attitude that anybody having finally achieved his wings must be feeling like a million dollars. There was only one moment when, as they waited in the hall for his father to join them for a round of golf, Howard, with his head bent over the job of filling his pipe, said :

" You kids are as cool as cucumbers ! I remember when I got my wings—I couldn't make up my mind whether I was feeling sick with excitement, or sick with fear of what was expected of me. Anyway, I was feeling like death warmed up most of the time—but here you are, as collected and self-possessed as a veteran."

All Laurie's mind could grasp hold of was the words " sick with fear."

" Go on ! " he laughed shakily. " You never felt afraid in your life, sir."

Howard raised one thick, blond eyebrow at him and was just about to reply, when Mr. Reid joined them.

Laurie had often wondered since what he was about to say—but then the only answer he could find for himself was in the double row of ribbons that decorated Howard's tunic. How could a man like that ever have been afraid of dying ? Ever been afraid of being afraid ?

That night they 'd had a party, and Howard had invited along a girl he knew who was staying in the district—Elizabeth O'Mara.

A small girl, who barely reached to Laurie's shoulder, with a heart-shaped face, soft brown curls, and a curving, laughing pink mouth. He 'd fallen for her immediately, but he 'd thought she was Howard's girl. He 'd congratulated Jonny Howard, who 'd screwed up his wide grey eyes at him and said :

" Don't get yourself tied in the wrong knots, young man. It 's her mother I 'm chasing ! "

" Her mother ? "

" I think you 're rather forgetting my advancing years," said Howard. " Liz is a nice girl—but it 's mother I 'm after."

For the whole of his ten days' leave he 'd managed to see Elizabeth every day. They found so much to talk about, so much to do, so many thoughts to cover that concerned only themselves, that Laurie had little time for the shadowy knowledge of his cowardice, little time for clutching after and pondering over the wisps of fear that lay like a creeping illness at the back of his mind. Almost imperceptibly, they fell in love.

A moment arrived, just a couple of hours before his leave was up, when he 'd said to her as they walked in Hyde Park, their arms tucked warmly together :

Howard motioned him to sit down and regarded him quietly for a moment. "I believe you wanted to see me," he said

" When will you marry me, Elizabeth, darling ? "

" Oh, Laurie ! " She laughed a little. " I wondered if you were ever going to get round to it—I thought you were being old-fashioned and thinking we 'd only known each other for such a short time. I nearly asked you . . ."

He 'd swung her round to face him and kissed her, forgetting everything but how happy he was.

After a moment, she wriggled herself free and they turned to walk on again.

It was a cold, crisp day of early spring, and their feet struck sharply, clearly, on the frosted ground. The hard young sun shimmered on the wet grass and made a thousand promises to the hesitating green buds of the trees, and the whole world seemed full of newness and promises to the future. He 'd said, holding her arm close against him :

" If only we could get married now."

" If you 'd asked me sooner," she 'd mocked, " or I 'd been less of a lady, we could have done."

" Darling," he said, foolishly.

Her round young cheeks and the tip of her nose were red with the cold, and her soft curls had blown out from under her hat and were lying limply in the nape of her neck.

" You 're not even a beauty," he went on, " but I 'm just crazy about you. . . . Promise we 'll be married soon."

" Of course, Laurie." She squeezed his arm tight against her side. " Will it be very long before you get another leave ? "

" No idea at all," he said slowly.

In that simple question of hers all his fears, his forebodings, his shame and anguish, had sudden, full possession of him. He turned his head slightly to her, not looking at her. He tried to find some unimportant phrase to tide him over till this terrible wash of terror that held him died away. She said gaily, in a " let 's-make-the-best-of-it " voice :

" Oh, well, it can't be too long—they always give the R.A.F. more leave than the other Services—you should hear what some of my Army boy-friends have had to say about it."

Suddenly, although her understanding of what troubled him was the last thing he desired, suddenly he was dully angry that she should be so completely out of sympathy and feeling with him. Some small part of his mind retained enough ordinary common sense to twit him for being a fool, and yet, driven by his muddled feelings of trapped desperation, he said lightly, bitterly, " What 's the Army got to grumble about ? Nice soft jobs most of them have got."

" Laurie ! " she said in astonishment. " That 's awfully unfair."

He had a moment's quick agreement that it was both unjust and unfair, but something stronger, more perverse than that moment wouldn't let him say so. It was as if by saying of something, someone else, the things he had felt about himself, divorced him from having anything in common with them.

" What on earth do the Army want leave for ? " he sneered. " It 's wanting leave *from* a leave, surely ? "

" My brother is in the Army," she said.

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

" Why ? " he said. " Couldn't he get in anywhere else, or didn't he try ? "

She pulled her arm away from his, and jamming her two hands deep in her pockets, she said :

" My father died in the last war—in the Army. My brother is serving in the Army—out of choice—because he thinks it 's the finest Service in the world—and so do I."

He was scared now, and miserable ; he touched her lightly on the arm, and she raised smouldering blue eyes to him.

" My dear, I 'm sorry," he said stupidly, " I didn't mean. . . . I was talking without thinking. . . . I. . . . ."

She looked at him quietly for a moment, and then she said :

" Laurie—surely you 're not stupid, or silly enough to think that all courage must be active. Don't you think that it takes a terrific amount of endurance and sensibility from men who have enrolled to fight for their country and have to contain themselves over weeks, months, awaiting a day, an hour, when they can go into action. No one would disparage the courage of your Service, it 's terrific, it 's marvellous, but in a way it 's a relief for you all. You feel fighting angry, and you can go and do something about it."

" Yes, I know, I know," he said. All his mind was intent on conciliating her now, and on keeping her from guessing the truth.

" Of course, there are a lot of people," she said slowly, picking her words, " who have no real courage, but who in wartime have to find it somehow—you probably wouldn't understand that, Laurie—but it 's true."

He looked at her in quick astonishment. Had she guessed ? Was it her way of opening conversation about it ? Terrified at the thought, he said hastily :

" No, I 'm afraid I can't understand that—after all, the worst that can happen to one is to die."

She regarded him for a moment, and her smooth brows were wrinkled together as if in irritation, then she laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

" Well," she said, " I won't be marrying you for your sensitivity, anyway."

" What do you mean ? " Cheered by her laugh, he grinned and put his arm companionably round her.

She hesitated.

" Jonny Howard told me he thought you might be feeling a little scared about your first trip up—you know, on your own. I told him he was being silly. . . ." She looked at him with the wrinkle again visible between her brows. He flushed a sudden scarlet, and almost shouted :

" What an idiotic suggestion ! "

" Yes, I know." She gave a little wriggle within the circle of his arm. " I told him he was being silly—I said if you were likely to be scared the R.A.F. would be the last thing you'd join."

" If I were likely to be scared, the R.A.F. would be the last thing I 'd join." He repeated her words mechanically. She was looking at him a little strangely.

" Have you ever been frightened, Laurie ? " she asked.

He raised his glass to her. " Well, what 's it to ? " " To Miss or Master Reid," she said gravely, not looking at him

He laughed jerkily. " I 'm afraid," he said, " that I 'm one of those guys that ' don't know what fear is.' "

His mouth felt dry, and he thought, " In a moment I 'll break down and tell her how I 'm scared to death, how I 'd give an arm, or two, never to have to go up in the air again ; how I wish like hell that I 'd picked myself any other job in this war than that of a pilot." He looked at his wrist-watch, and saw with a sick heart that he had a bare half-hour before his train left ; just time to collect his kit and catch his train.

" Darling, I 'll have to be going. I . . . I 'll 'phone you. . . . Write to you. . . . You won't forget me, promise. I love you. . . ."

He caught her close to him again and kissed her soft lips. As she turned her cool cheek against his, he could feel a little pulse jumping in the side of it :

" Oh, Laurie," she said, with a catch (*Continued on page* 58)

When the family gathered at little tables, parents and children together

Life Without France

Memories of Happy Days in the Country now groaning under the Nazi heel

By Ferdinand Tuohy

SOME people in this country haven't a lot of use for France which, in their latest view, "let us down." Others love France though not necessarily with such dedication as the late Austen Chamberlain who once took Frenchmen ever so slightly aback by telling them he loved France as a woman. ("It must be the English repression at work," was a Gallic comment on that.) I just miss France, feel the want of this and that which she gave in a manner all her own, and in so saying I draw no comparisons whatsoever with what other countries give or don't give.

I miss the glamour of the past and the inns of France, the fine residential chateaux

In fact I honoured the French *Fête Nationale* this year by devoting my favourite walk on the cliffs which are sixty miles from France, to a remembrance of the things about France that I missed. For over two years, since the rough and tumble of Dunkirk days, I had not seen her; by far the longest period of absence in my grown-up life. I feared lest the things that had pleased or delighted, "fitted in," would be blurred and difficult of re-capture through horrible intervening events. But gradually they came through the Channel mist of that morning, the big and the small, the important and the trivial, and how refreshing it was to note for a change exclusively the things one liked or missed about a country!

I miss the main characteristics of French civilization, among which I take to be :

The love of life for life's sake and the placing of the now unknown in proper perspective.

True tolerance of others and their ways, to be had by a deliberate setting out to understand.

The spirit by which peasant or working-man is as good as any one else, without his having to say so.

The humanising of everything, even the land itself, "another member of the family."

The lucidity and clarity of the French language.

The enlightened French mind and intellectual honesty and independent-mindedness.

A wit that demolishes humbug and cant.

The sense of form and proportion.

A chivalry that is far from dead.

None of these findings reflect on any other country. Nor do I suggest these characteristics all flourished in the France of 1939. They simply come back as *being France*, the people and the country I knew, which is all I'm after.

I miss the French facility of living, the ease with which one had under one's fingertips the manifold requirements of, and aids to, day to day and hour to hour existence. In one's own street were all the shops one needed, where one was attended to with an alert interest. Those little French *boutiques* are missed. The laundry gave you back your things, splendidly done, in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and it was possible to organise a complete picnic, from charcuterie to wine, figuratively without crossing the street. In sophisticated "down town" circles the cosmopolitan outlook procured one's desiderata, however strange, even at times alarming, they might be.

The hotels gave you top-hole beds and café-au-lait croissants and butter, which constituted all the breakfast I ever wanted

I miss the French Sunday which allowed people to work, play or worship at any hour of the day they chose, the effect being every bit as religious-minded a community as anywhere else, and one in which the devout mixed on terms of cordial intimacy with the irreligious and atheistic. One was treated as an adult-thinking person and not made the sport and plaything of self-righteous folk. Real freedom revealed itself on Sundays in France. It was then that the French café reached the heights as a national institution, when the family gathered at little tables, parents and children together. Relaxation and entertainment were intensified for this day free from work : films, theatres, café-dansants, racing and all forms of sport. Just until noon would be quiet, as if (*Continued on page* 60)

Prepare

IT has been said that the best index of a man's intelligence is his awareness of what is going on around him. If so, it should become apparent that the chief thing which this war requires is a preparation of the mind; and that the post-war years—I shall not call them peace—will require a revolution in our ideas. It stands to reason that nothing will be the same; that we will all pick up fresh hands of cards, to play, almost certainly, an entirely new game. What will be the future of the Foreign Office? of the Civil Service? of the Colonial Service?. of Education? of Medicine?—these questions are headlined in our papers, or in letters to the weeklies, every day. They are more than a death-bed repentance—that "howling wrongs" should be righted, when a nation gets frightened. It can be argued quite legitimately that it always takes a war to shake up the body politic, and bring into action long overdue reforms. But, if we are going to refashion the world, working with our old set of mental instruments, we very possibly might not win this war—and we will, perhaps for the last time in our power, lose the peace.

I am not speaking loosely when I say that we must have a revolution of the mind. Consider, as an example, how we have tolerated the haphazard experiments in the way we have let ourselves be governed. It seems indisputable that "the people at the helm," that shady expression, have chronically known less about the mechanics of government than the average garage mechanic *must* know about the insides of a motor car. And, continuing with the simile, perhaps you will remember the way Joseph Conrad opened *Chance*, when he had the old sea captain say: "Why! If I navigated my ship with the ignorance born of complacency with which the shore gang tries to run the government . . . why, I'd never have brought her into port!"

I shall speak, in a minute, about some specific mental changes of front. But that people *are* thinking along the lines that I say I can show by this letter, received from a wealthy, fanatically busy Englishman who, in his position, has had a great influence on world thought. I had asked him to come to the sea, spend a week with me, where I am going in for both physical and mental overhaul. He wrote:

> "I simply dare not upset my routine of life at the moment. This is a satisfactory one: Wednesday and Thursday in London, crowded with engagements, committees, seeing people, and so on; the rest of the time in the country, mornings attending to business, the rest of the day an intensive course of reading, ranging from theology to economics, mainly to clear my own mind, but also with the vague idea of perhaps saying what I want to say in the proper form in four or five years' time."

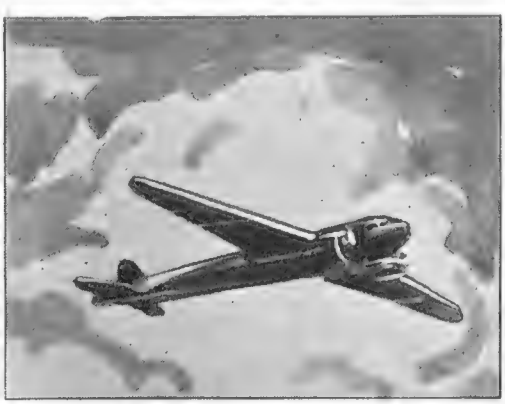
I have not italicised a word in that paragraph, although the temptation was strong: but just analyse that "*clear my own mind*" with the ultimate purpose of being able to say what he wanted "*in four or five years' time.*"

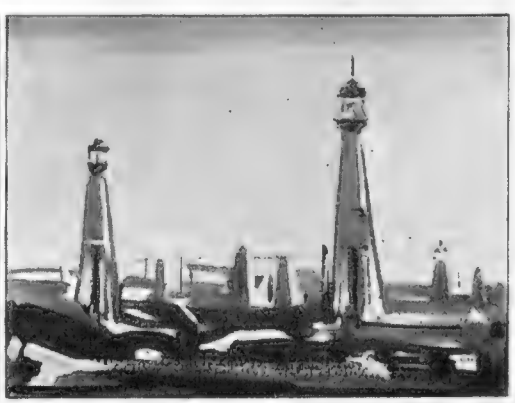
This man, he is an "institution" in British affairs, is preparing his fine brain for the post-war years just as rigorously as any medical student swotting for an examination. And that brings out the most salient point in this article: it is not the people under thirty—thinking about post-war jobs or what careers to choose—who will so require this revolution of the mind. It will become most effective, if it comes, on the part of those who have already made their way in life—or even those parasites of the rentier class—whose fancied security has been swept away. People of position.

CHANGES I suggest: (1) We should never again listen to, or read, the speeches of our statesmen—without analysing just how many of their words means precisely nothing: throw into the discards all the political phrases that have been our intellectual pap for the last hundred years. (2) Realise that, great as England is, she has just about spent, now, the momentum of her glorious history: the Ship of State no longer needs just a suave hand at the helm: dynamic men are required *to put power into the machinery*. These will immediately jettison scores of descendants of ancient families, whose present scions hold office, automatically, in the Government, solely because of what their forefathers did—not because they have shown any merit of their own. This will be the death-knell of the so-called "ruling class," which, in this modern world, must be supplanted by a *doing class*.

That does not mean that a good man may not be a member of both: Roosevelt and Churchill are patricians—both are "doers," in the best sense of the word.

I LEAVE just those two needed alterations, to go on with. A foreign correspondent, because of the nature of his job, must be on the search for what is going on around him. He does this so much that after a time he begins to feel like a disembodied spirit, always sitting on the side-lines of life, never taking a part in it. I have felt this so much at times,





your mind

What we shall look forward to in an after-the-war Government

By Negley Farson

particularly since this war began to drag, that I often thought I'd chuck writing (I did make three varied attempts) with the maximum hope of being able to do some satisfying physical work, such as farming.

It was in this mood, after eight months of Africa (where I had enough physical struggle to satisfy any man for a lifetime) that I sailed for Scandinavia, eight days after this war began. And I can name that date, September 12, 1939, as the day on which I began my mental revolution.

Even on the boat to Bergen I began to throw overboard previous suppositions I had held about the Northern Lands. For example, while we waited outside the mouth of Bergensfjord for the pilot boat a Junkers plane flew overhead—with two Germans grinning down at us. Pointing it out, one of the ship's officers said to me: "The North Sea is just a lake, now. Some British planes lost their way, coming back to England from a North Sea patrol the other day, and crashed against the mountain behind Bergen. The sea cannot save us now."

In effect, he had said: We Norwegians no longer can base our neutrality on the distances of the North Sea; the bombing planes must completely change our foreign policy.

Therefore, in a country which is rabidly pro-British, in a city like beautiful Bergen, where every taxi-driver speaks English, I was not surprised to hear even my best friends talk what—before I saw that bombing plane—I would have classed as rank defeatism. But they were merely being realists. One of them, who had served in Spain in the International Brigade—and could, therefore, hardly be called pro-Nazi—was candid, and foreseeing, enough to say: "We can look to no help from England. There is no use of us kidding ourselves. That's what I go about preaching to all men and girls of my own age to-day: That we Norwegians must prepare ourselves—for the Nazi invasion."

I must be careful with my references, but I now know that two of my Norwegian friends are now in Germany, in concentration camps. And as for some others—I dare not ask about them. One Dane, in particular, I have been told not to inquire about; for he used to go about saying: "Neutrality! Bah! Neutrality is but the consistent hiding under the bed, when you *know* a burglar is going through the house."

This man made it a point of openly saying in Copenhagen that he would be prepared to lose everything, all his property (and the Danes have a great sense of possessions), even life itself, if—"Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland, would stand up against the Nazis, and form a Nordic League."

But he was also the first man to tell me, in Denmark, that the Premier and Foreign Ministers of his own country had been, and would be, the first people to point out the impossibility of such an alliance achieving any more than a sentimental protest. As was confirmed when the three Scandinavian kings met, together with the President of Finland, to discuss what aid could or should be rendered to Finland, in case of a Russian aggression.

But—now here comes a change of mind—Cordell Hull has just reminded the South American countries (in a speech which must be taken as aimed at the Argentine and Chili) that freedom is not a thing which the American Republics are likely to preserve, unless they combine together to fight for it. Churchill had warned the Low Countries, with prophetic vision, that, in their fancied neutrality, they were merely waiting for the tiger. I think my young Norwegian friend, of the International Brigade—and the determined Dane—were incontestably more farsighted than those whom the young Norwegian scornfully called "the money-bags of Scandinavia."

Here I wish to be specific. We had none of us heard the name "Quisling," then. Not, anyway, (*Continued on page* 68)

The Fifth Rib

Although women are now doing what was formerly reckoned man's work. they still stay feminine

By C. Patrick Thompson

THE tall girl climbed down from the harvester and pulled off the bandanna worn peasant-fashion over hair rather blonder than Nature made it. She shelled off grimy gloves, and gave us a nod and "hallo."

"How's she behaving?" asked the food production man.

"Better than most of the men who used to drive me home in taxis," grinned the girl. "I can handle her."

She gave the machine an affectionate pat with a tanned hand and went off to join two land girl friends unpacking lunch in a dry ditch under the hedge. The sun was hot in a blue August sky. The corn had ripened early.

My note on this encounter tops a foot-high pile of material I have been digging into for this article on women-at-war as Britain swings into the fourth year of Armageddon Number Two. In the pile are copies of articles I have written, and notes of talks I have had with ministers and officials concerned with woman power, with chiefs of the women's auxiliary and other services, with women war workers and their bosses, during the last three years. Solid stuff, important stuff, serious stuff.

But I give you this cornfield trifle because it illustrates the central point of the story, as I see it. The girl had been a model (mannequin is the old word), but she was as good at field work as she must have been at showing frocks. Her field boss gave her a good report: quick to learn, strong, willing, cheerful. "Nice to look at, too, ain't she?" She began with the hoe and her hands, went on to tractors, and then they trusted her with the harvester. And although she was dungareed, and worked a ten-hour day at what was formerly reckoned a "man's job," she stayed feminine. Very feminine.

That's interesting. As Britain began mass absorption of woman power in this total war, theorists made opposite forecasts. Women couldn't do this, and wouldn't do that, and their use beyond certain strict limits of "woman's sphere of activity" would masculinise them. The theorists were wrong. Women are now doing practically everything except the actual fighting with weapons—but they are on the fringe of that in the mixed A.A. batteries—and, so far from going synthetic male (a tendency during the last war) the trouble has been to curb their resolute femininity.

If they join a Service—a third of women registering want to, a third prefer industry, and a third are neutral—they tend to pick the one whose uniform they think best becomes them. They have to be watched on the rule about hair not curling below the tunic collar line. One at least of the eight English girls picked by Commander R. J. Townsend—evidently a good picker—to drive U.S. naval officers around, wouldn't get by in the ATS with that Ginger Rogers mop cascading to her shoulders.

None of the contemporary women's leaders crop their hair, cultivate a male aspect, or assume grim expressions. Maybe it's because most are or have been married.

You may remember the row in the early war days because an inspecting general objected to an attractive woman in charge of a service hospital using lipstick. That dates like a WAAC skirt of the last war. Gilding the lily is permitted, within reason. It has to be, in the interests of feminine morale. The Ministry of Supply's official view is that: "Cosmetics are as essential to a woman as a reasonable supply of tobacco is to a man. Any one who goes much among the khaki-clad ATS, the blue-garbed WAAFS, the navy-uniformed WRNS, and the forage-capped Fire Service girls, can observe some very nice paint jobs.

On a recent tour of northern war factories one of the things that most struck me was the adroitness with which so many women workers, even in boiler suits, contrive a feminine touch. Here's the case-book note on one with whom I had a talk. Twenty-five, was married, husband killed in Libya, went to a government training school, was placed in job using an instrument to check sizes in an inspection department, gave it up to operate a flame cutter; the measuring job made her nervously, not physically tired—and she wanted work to make her forget. She was hooded when I watched her burning steel amid a shower of sparks. But she wore a belt—neat red leather—good enough for a town suit.

In a workshop devoted to railway wagon manufacture I paused by an attractive girl whose (*Continued on page* 68)

Too Old for Service

But not too old for Action when a U-Boat attacked

By William G. Torode

"STOP your engines. Do not use your wireless. You have three minutes to abandon ship."

I'd known old Peg-leg Lacey too long to expect him to pay any attention to orders like that, but five long minutes had already ticked away since I handed him the message and there was still no sign of the U-boat. And I'd been tapping out the SSS signal for *more* than three minutes. It wasn't like Jerry to play games. Or to bother with warnings, either.

The old *Rexborough* could be abandoned in sixty seconds flat if it became necessary. Through the after porthole of the radio shack, I could see the lifeboats swinging in their davits. On the poop, the gun's crew hovered optimistically over the pyramid of shells beside the four-seven, their eyes scanning the calm sea for tell-tale oil slick or the white feather of a periscope. Judging from what had happened to oil drums during daily target practice, they wouldn't want more than a glimpse of a periscope.

On the wing of the bridge, Captain Lacey called sextant readings to the second mate, who worked feverishly with pad and pencil over the chronometer box in the chart-room. Peg-leg didn't look much like a ship's captain. No gold braid. No airs. But built like a fathom of steel cable. Hatchet-faced, you could have called him. I'd heard him called worse, behind his back. Keen, piercing eyes. Not very friendly. On the ship's articles he was sixty. Actually, he was sixty-six. Which was just a year older than me. But he was still a damned good man, especially when trouble started. His peg-leg? Better than the one he'd lost, to hear him tell it. Which wasn't very often. Most people, including the British Admiralty, considered him a cripple.

When he stuck his head into my shack through the connecting window of the chart-room, I slued the head-set off one ear. "Is anything doing yet, Wilson?" he repeated.

I shook my head. "All I get's a crooner broadcasting from the Azores, sir."

"Stick at it," he said, and joined the second mate. He laid Jerry's message on the chronometer box. "Something damned fishy about that message, Turner. When the hell did Jerry start handing out warnings? And why hasn't he given us the works, since he can hear our screw racing and Wilson's SSS going out?"

"Maybe he's one of the decent sort, sir," the second replied. He was a young squirt, not very bright, and scared to death of old Peg-leg.

A Nazi seaman prodded my ribs with his seaboot, and I got to my feet as the forward gun roared again

They knew their ship was doomed. It was mirrored on their taut, ghost-white faces

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

"Nuts!" the skipper snorted. "Shicklgruber doesn't put decent sort of chaps in his U-boats. They're up to something! We're making nine and a half knots. He can make ten, submerged, for a couple of hours. He's got a six-inch gun, and knows this old tub couldn't carry more than a four-seven. It'll be dark in half an hour, that's our only chance of giving him the slip. But he ought to be on the surface right now, shelling us for ignoring his warning."

The second licked his pencil, bent over his logarithms. He didn't know a damned thing about submarines or their habits. He knew Peg-leg did. And who the hell was he to argue, anyhow? I snapped the head-set back over my ear as the buzz of code sounded :

"Can reach your position in eight hours. If forced to abandon ship keep lifeboats together with flares burning. Reaffirm position. - SMHB."

I tore the message off the pad and handed it in to the skipper. He read it, grunted, and leaned over the second's shoulder. "Make that position 40.28N., 38.12.22W., Wilson. Tell him to proceed cautiously. Jerry might hang round here and get him." He reached in for the lead-covered code book. But he didn't get a chance to look up SMHB. A shout from aft was followed almost immediately by a dull boom, and the sound of rending metal. The old *Rexborough* shuddered, lurching over on her beam ends from the force of the exploding torpedo. I clung to the key-desk, changed the S S S to S O S and managed to get out the new position once before the spreader and aerial came crashing down on the roof of the radio shack.

WITH my hand on the dead key, I stared through the after port hole in fascinated horror. The poop-deck was gone—men, gun, everything. Deck-plates and sections of iron rail floated in the air like so many pieces of paper caught in the draught of an open door, to finally plunge into the sea with a slow-motion effect that was dreadful to behold. The engines were still pounding, but with a coughing rhythm that indicated a damaged propeller shaft.

As I fussed hopelessly over my lifeless instruments, I saw the skipper and Turner scrambling to their feet in the chart-room. Turner wiped a bloody smear down his cheek, shook the daze from his head and leaped for the whistle lanyard. He gave it several short sharp jerks. The skipper hobbled to the engine-room voice-pipe. "Abandon ship!" he roared. Swinging the telegraph handles fore and aft, he left the indicator at "Finished with engines."

The thump of the engines died into a weird silence pierced by the screech of straining ropes. The black gang were pouring out of the stokehold fiddley. One boat was already away. The old *Rexborough* was settling by the stern.

"You all right, Turner? Then get to your boat. She'll float another hour yet, unless the sea gets at her boilers. But Jerry might come up to finish her off. Keep the boats together. Watch out

for machine-gun fire. You, too, quartermaster." I heard Turner begin to protest at leaving him behind, but old Peg-leg silenced him with one bull-like roar.

When they were gone, he stumped jauntily into the chart-room. He was chuckling to himself like a kid at a pantomime. He had evidently forgotten my existence, and I was too dumbfounded at his behaviour to let him know I was still there. He picked up the code book, studied it a moment. "I thought so!" he cackled gleefully. Then he hurled it overboard, together with the weighted log-books. He picked up a pen, jabbed its nib deep into the top of the chart table. "Now come up and get me, Jerry!" he bellowed at the sea.

He must be going off his head, I thought. The loss of his ship had driven him crazy.

IT hadn't been easy for Peg-leg to get a berth. An old navy man, he had applied for re-admittance to the service at the outbreak of war. He expected them to fall on his neck. Hadn't he handled submarines since they were little more than tin cans with a diving limit of ten fathoms? Didn't he take the old E9 through the Dardanelles minefields and sink the *Neinburg*, when the experts said it couldn't be done? And brought her out with nothing worse than a dented bow? He had a D.S.O. to prove it. Sure. But that was the last war. He was only forty then. This war was different. Air-power. New ideas. Alert, quick-thinking youngsters. So his application was returned from the Admiralty with the inflexible epitome: *Too old for service.*

He wrote letters to *The Times* that were never published, he sent letters to Buckingham Palace. He was a navy man. He wanted a ship—any ship. But he didn't get one.

Grudgingly, he turned to what he called Harry Tate's navy, the merchant marine. Merchant ships carried guns. He'd train the best gun crew afloat. Sink a couple of submarines. *Then* they'd give him a command. The public would demand it! But the merchant marine didn't want him either. Viewing his navy record, his white hair and his peg-leg, the Ministry of Shipping advised him to take up A.R.P. work. "All you know is submarines," they told him, "and we just haven't any."

But Hitler's U-boats soon compelled the Ministry to change its mind. Skippers were going down with their ships, according to ancient tradition. Wireless operators, too. Not because of tradition, but because they stuck to their jobs. So Peg-leg hunted the Navy Pensions List and sent me a wire. You see, I'd been with him in the E9. That put me about as close to him as any one could get.

How his heart must have bled when he saw the old *Rexborough*. She was little more than a hulk. But she carried a gun. That was something. There was no convoy when we left a West of England port. Old Peg-leg appreciated that. He had a ship. She had a gun. He'd show 'em. And the way he'd polished the old tub up, trained the gun crew—well, I began to think he'd taken more than a fancy to her. Yet here he was chuckling like a schoolboy while she went down under him. When I dropped a pair of pliers, he jumped to the connecting window. "Oh, it's you, Wilson," he said sheepishly. "I thought you'd gone. I saw the aerial spreader wreck your insulators."

Clinging to the rim of the glass port, I saw the men at the diving planes straining at their huge wheels

I met him as he stepped out on the bridge.

"You'd better get going, Wilson," he went on. "Turner's left a boat aft. Probably thought I'd need it. Fixed us up pretty, didn't they? Right in number five. Didn't get a chance to use the bean-shooter. Get going, Wilson, before it gets dark." He wanted me out of there, badly.

"What about you?" I deliberately omitted the sir. He didn't even notice it.

"Me?" He gave a hollow laugh. "I'm all washed up, Wilson. Was before I shipped in this old tub. Just too stubborn——" He broke off abruptly, his eyes popping as he stared past me. "Get to hell out of here!" he stormed. Grabbing my shoulders, he pushed me towards the bridge ladder. "Get in that boat and shove off. That's an order, Wilson!" There was a snarl in his voice, the threat of violence in his vice-like grip. I swung round suddenly, and saw the sleek grey hull of the U-boat surfacing less than a mile away. Then I was flung viciously down the ladder, and lost consciousness as my head struck one of the metal treads.

I CAME to with the sound of gunfire hammering my ears. I was lying on the deck of the U-boat. Peg-leg stood beside me. A Nazi seaman prodded my ribs with his seaboot, and I got to my feet as the forward gun roared again. I saw the old *Rexborough* reel from the impact of a six-inch shell. A geyser of steam belched from her ruptured innards as her rust-scarred bows climbed out of the calm sea. With a final apathetic tremor, she disappeared in a shower of flying debris as her boilers exploded. Peg-leg Lacey didn't even bother taking a last look at her.

Our lifeboats were still out there, rolling gently in the eerie dazzle of sunset. There was nothing but the empty sea between them and the submarine. The gunners were ramming another shell into the smoking breach. "Cease fire!" The order was megaphoned from the bridge. I heaved a sigh of relief. "Course one-twenty! Full surface speed ahead!" snapped the same voice, and the U-boat's commander swung his long legs over the bridge rail and dropped to the deck. A musical gong sounded below and the thunder of the Diesels shook the ship. "I see you understand German," the *Kapitan* said to me. I nodded to him curtly.

He was a tall thin man, not over thirty. His gaunt sallow face was almost chinless, but the baby-blue eyes, placed wide apart along a long, prominent nose, were as hard as glass marbles. Not the sort you'd associate with mercy. He pushed his cadaverous face close up to mine. "What is the identity of SMHB?" he demanded, in German.

"I wouldn't know," I answered in English.

"But she answered your S O S? Promised to reach your position in eight hours?"

I nodded. His radio operator would have intercepted the message. He measured me with his cold, blue eyes, then spun on the skipper. "What was that ship's name?" he snarled, in thick, guttural English. (*Continued on page* 54)

Lady in Rags

Life in the once gay city of Warsaw under occupation of the Nazis, described by

Anna Zajaczkowska

The Royal Summer Palace in Warsaw—a beautiful example of eighteenth-century architecture. Its parks and surrounding districts are now "for Germans only." (Left) This sign reads: "No entry for Poles." The gates of all theWarsaw parks are closed to Poles. Trees, flowers and fresh air are only for the "Herrenvolk."

WARSAW used to be a gay city, a city of luxury, diverse entertainments and lovely ladies, a city which attracted all that was best in Poland. It was the scene of international artistic events and national pageants.

The provinces looked askance at the capital, for in small towns and villages old-fashioned virtues were still the order of the day, and people lived decorously, using high-sounding phrases without a blush. They found Warsaw frivolous, even irreverent, and deplored that nothing was sacred to her wit. Warsaw had her snobbishness, too, and found high-sounding phrases embarrassing.

But now this city has lost all its veneer, thrown aside its frivolous mask, showing her true face. During the siege the ardent blood of many generations of knightly warriors warmed in the veins of even the most spoiled and delicate girl.

What is life in this city that has passed through an ordeal of fire and three years of Nazi occupation? What is now left of the old Warsaw?

In the royal parks the wind still makes billowing waves from the sea of blossoms on the trees. But by the main gates, along the Ujazdowskie Allee, hang signs that read: "For Germans Only." In olden times, under the rustling chestnuts and sweet-smelling limes of the Allee, the reflections of cars' headlamps made fingers of light on the rain-drenched asphalt. Today this Allee no longer belongs to the Poles; and there are no cars for Poles in Warsaw. Some two hundred are left, and these are reserved for German use. The beautiful residential districts around the parks are also reserved for Germans only.

The Poles had to leave the old palaces and modern blocks of flats. They were given a day, an hour, or even just a quarter of an hour to pack up and move to the poorer districts. All the Jews of the city were herded into the most heavily bombed area and there, around the charred remains of the houses, a high wall was built by the Germans, and they called this district the ghetto. The Poles, with their bundles, were told to migrate elsewhere. Waves of deportees from Western Poland have flooded into the devastated city, thus contributing to the unbearable overcrowding in the non-German districts of Warsaw. Whereas before the war the population was 1,300,000, more than 2,000,000 people are now packed within the city walls. Yet the number of homes has decreased, because whole streets are uninhabitable.

The people of Warsaw lead slum lives. Only the meaner jobs are open to Poles. Office wages are kept at a pre-war level, but the cost of food is twelve times higher than before the war. An office worker earns £10 a month; but a pound of butter costs £3, a pound of sugar £1, and a ton of coal costs £90. Coal is so scarce that even power stations and gasworks frequently have to close down, and eighty per cent of the houses have no electric current at all. In the liberal professions, possibilities of finding work are extremely limited. Only physicians can go on working at their jobs, but three-quarters of the time they have to work for nothing, for today few Poles can pay for medical treatment, and epidemics spread. Typhus has already claimed twice as many victims as during the last war, and there are six times as many cases of tuberculosis as in 1938.

(Right) There are only two hundred cars left in Warsaw, and these have been requisitioned by the Germans, so this is the new means of transport. The three-wheeled rickshaw pedalled by a jobless teacher, high official or student.
(Below) Poles and Jews are crowded in the poor districts. Famine, cold, and disease reign in the homes where exhausted people gather round the one small stove for warmth.

War and Nazi occupation have flattened every one and everything. Before the war whole modern districts were being built up; now Warsaw architects may only design supports for sagging walls. An engineer can find work, but prefers to keep away from industry, for fear that he might be made to forge weapons for the enemy. What can a professor from a closed university or a high government official do? They can do manual labour if they are able.

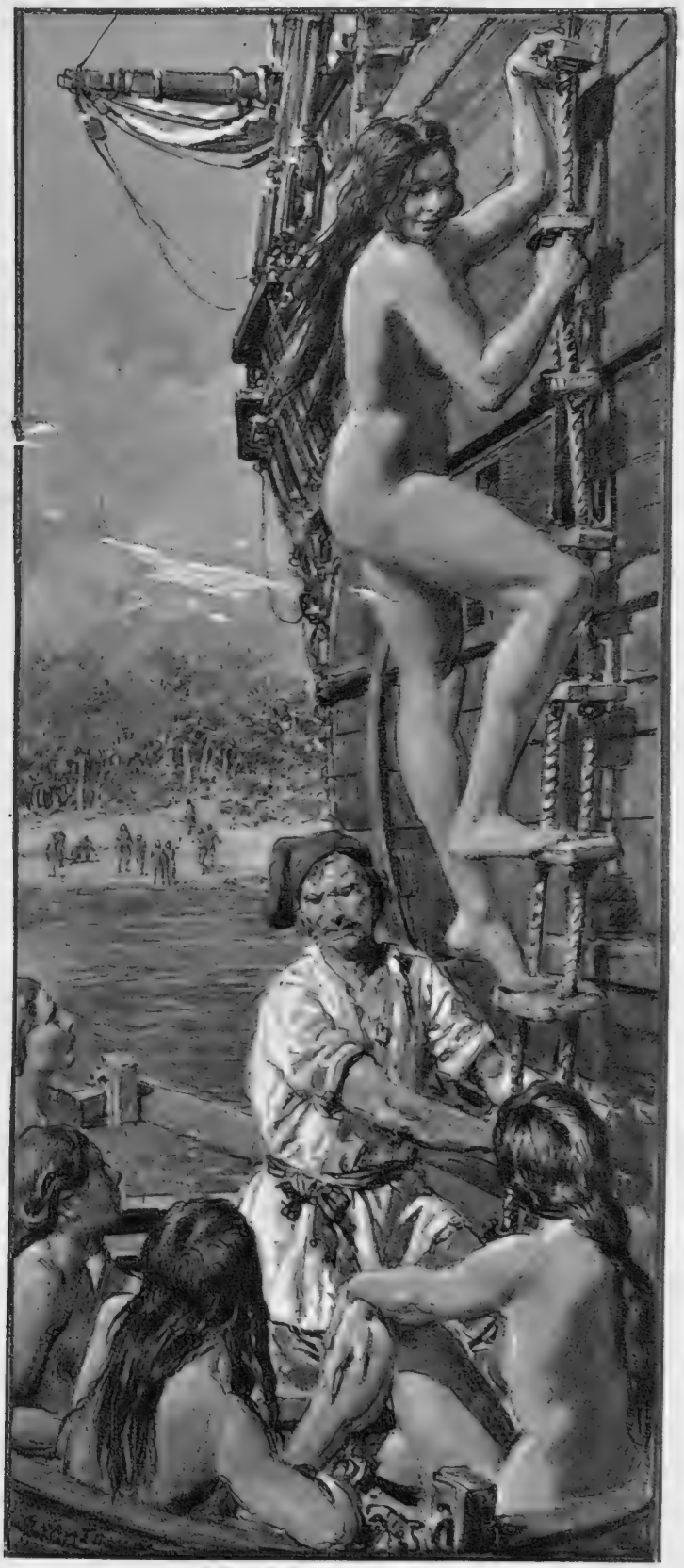
Most people turn to trades, the food trade above all. This is a difficult and often dangerous business, and the food situation is catastrophic. The calorific value of the present food rations for Poles is one-third of the necessary minimum. Furthermore, the only rationed food any one is sure of getting is bread—of a poor quality at that. Other rationed foods are often unobtainable. Warsaw, cut off from her food-producing provinces, is facing starvation. Most of the energy and brains of the population are directed towards one end—obtaining food somehow, thereby saving their country from total (*Continued on page 62*)

Old Tales Re-told

Third Instalment of
The Trials and Triumphs of
Christopher Columbus,
Discoverer of the New World

Written and Illustrated by **F. Matania, R.I.**

SAN SALVADOR was the name Columbus gave to the island. Having noticed some natives wearing small gold pins in their ears, he questioned them and learned that towards the south dwelt a king who possessed enormous quantities of that metal. Columbus expressed a wish to be taken there, but for some unknown reason they showed signs of terror at the proposal. Though he had only been there two days, hundreds of natives had flocked to the shore and seemed sorry to find that their visitor wished to depart so soon. He had determined, however, to find Cipango (Japan), the wonderful land described by Marco Polo; and soon the three caravels set sail in a northerly direction, keeping as near to the coast as possible. They passed many islands, all flat but covered with vegetation. Everywhere the natives gathered on the beaches to watch them go by, and tried to race the ships in their canoes. Columbus persuaded seven of them to come aboard and remain as interpreters.



The seven interpreters were unhappy because they were without their wives, so Columbus managed to find seven attractive Cuban girls willing to make up for his thoughtless omission

On October 28 he dropped anchor off the great island of Cuba. The inhabitants had fled at the approach of the ships, and on landing he found the villages deserted, with all their owners' belongings left behind. Columbus was enchanted by the beauty of the place. He wrote: "This land is the most beautiful that human eyes have ever beheld, full of comfortable harbours, deep rivers, high mountains." Surely this must be Cipango, or the extremity of the continent leading to it? It was a thickly populated country. The numbers of huts and cabins multiplied as they advanced inland. Gradually the natives took courage and reappeared out of the woods in thousands. They were naked, but enthusiastically offered all they had, including gold ornaments, in return for trivial things. Asked where they had got the gold from, they pointed south, explaining that the people from whom it came were one-eyed man-eaters, with dogs' jaws, who drank blood. Later Columbus was to discover that this fantastic description was not altogether wrong.

Meanwhile, the seven interpreters were making good progress, but were unhappy because they were without their wives. Columbus managed to find seven attractive Cuban girls willing to make up for his thoughtless omission.

It was on Cuba that the Spaniards saw the natives indulging in a pastime that was something entirely new to them. Here is their actual description of what they saw: "They had some little rolls of some special dried leaves wrapped in a broader leaf. They burned one end and sucked the smoke from the other. These leaves are called Tobacos. What profit can be in it is a mystery!" The Cuban natives were not to know that this refinement would be adopted by the whole civilised world.

Marco Polo had described Cipango as being full of golden-roofed houses. These treasures, it seemed, must be away to the south, as the natives explained, mentioning the name of Babegue. It was decided to search for this place, but a sudden storm prevented the caravels from sailing. So Columbus ordered the *Pinta* and the *Nina* to wait for better weather. The *Pinta*, however, did not obey the order. Pinzon was greedy to get the credit for any new discovery, so he slipped out in the darkness and disappeared. Columbus was not surprised by his disobedience, but it angered him because of setting the crews a bad example. As the storm abated, he too set sail southwards.

ON December 5, 1492, the *Santa Maria* and the *Nina* found themselves facing the beautiful island of Haiti. Here too the natives fled. The great caravels must have seemed to them like immense monsters. The name of Hispaniola was given to this new discovery. Many vain attempts were made to fraternise with the inhabitants; but it was not until they had caught a woman, brought her forcibly on board, regaled her with rich food and presents of all kinds, that they succeeded. Columbus described these people as the most beautiful of human beings. They were even more lavishly decorated with gold than the others he had seen before. He explored several approaches to the island, and on one of these trips made the acquaintance of a chief, the cacique Guacanacary, who became his faithful friend. He sailed on Christmas Eve from a port he had name La Concepcion. The sea was calm

The demonstrations in honour of Columbus reached a height of frenzy. All that he had brought back was displayed in a procession in Barcelona, and the six Indians who walked before his horse caused much excited interest

as a lake and the gentle breeze just wafted the ships along. Columbus was resting after a period of intensive work when, at eleven o'clock, he was wakened by an uproar. The rudder had jammed and the ship was immovable. A strong current had driven her on to a bank of sand. No one had noticed in time; and now the ship lay on her side. Frantic efforts were made to prevent her from capsizing. The masts were cut, the cargo unloaded, all in darkness. Part of the crew attempted to desert to the *Nina* at the moment when Columbus most needed all hands available. It was Guacanacary and hundreds of his men who responded to his appeals for help. They carried the precious cargo ashore and stood guard over it. Not a shoe-buckle was lost. But the grey dawn of Christmas revealed the tragic sight of the Admiral's ship wrecked and abandoned.

There was no news whatever of Pinzon or the *Pinta*, so Columbus was left with one ship only. By way of consolation, however, Guacanacary told him he would find as much *gold* as he could desire in Cibao. Mention of this name convinced Columbus that this was indeed Cipango—but he dared not risk further exploration with only one vessel. He must return to Spain and fit out a proper expedition.

Before leaving, he established a small colony on the spot where he had spent his tragic Christmas. In memory of that day he called it Natividad. He had no lack of volunteers, for the prospect of living in that beautiful place, free to exchange worthless trifles for gold, was tempting indeed. He chose thirty-nine men. With native help they built a fort in no time. Food was stored, together with supplies of all kinds to last them a year. Weapons, tools, ammunition and chests full of presents for the natives completed the equipment. An underground safe was provided for the gold that they would accumulate, and a gun mounted over it in a central tower. By January 2, 1493, everything was ready for Columbus to take his leave. His orders to the garrison had been precise, wise and thoughtful. He laid emphasis on the necessity of treating the natives with all kindness and consideration.

Unfavourable weather held them four more days in Natividad. And then suddenly a cry of " Ship ahoy ! " was heard. It was the *Pinta*. Pinzon was rowed over in a small boat to face the Admiral. He began to make excuses and to justify his conduct by absurd lies. Columbus cut him short with a few curt words. He had begun to realise the many misdeeds his would-be rival had committed. Violence, extortion, looting—the usual catalogue which changed a friendly population into a host of deadly enemies. However, there was no time in which to repair the damage. Provisions were so low as to endanger them all. So on the 16th the *Pinta* and the *Nina* set out for Spain.

The voyage was practically uneventful, until they came in sight of the coastline of Europe. Then suddenly the sky darkened, heavy, oppressive clouds hung low and the waves swelled to terrifying proportions. The sailors struggled to ease the strain on the sails, but things became ever more desperate. How long could the wooden caravels withstand the impact of solid mountains of water ? The night was more terrible still, as the only light came from electrical discharges in the clouds. The two vessels lost contact with each other, and at dawn the *Pinta* was nowhere to be seen. Columbus thought his own last moment had come. He shut himself up in his cabin and wrote a hasty description of all that he had seen and done. Then he sealed it in a cask and threw it overboard, as this seemed the only means of leaving

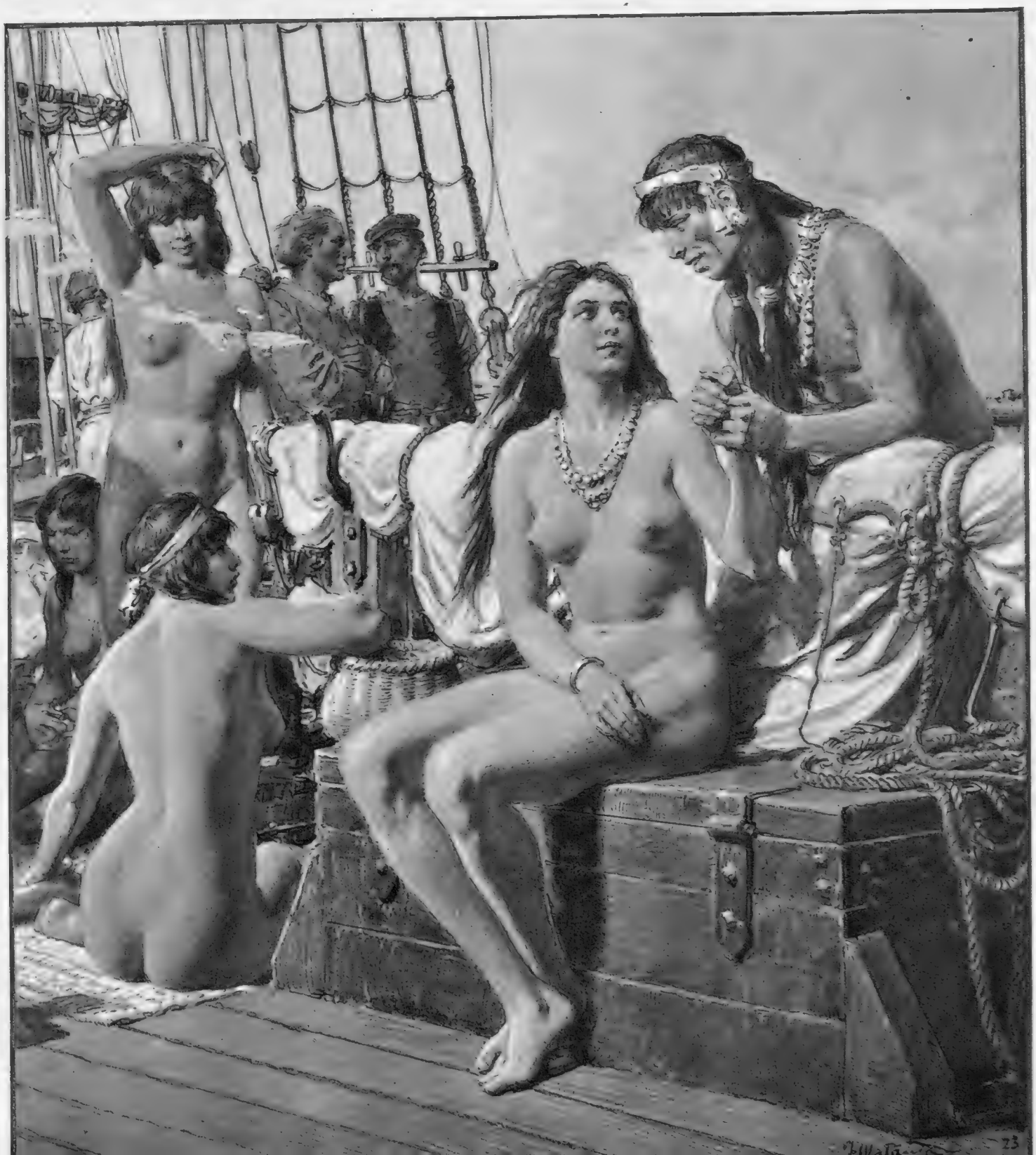
(Right) One day Guacanacary visited Columbus and there beheld the ten native women who had escaped from the Caribs. One of them was so beautiful that the Spaniards called her Catalina, and it was plain to all that Guacanacary had fallen in love with her at first sight

Columbus went on to explore the next island, which he called Santa Cruz. Here they were greeted by a shower of poisoned arrows

the tale of his adventures to posterity. But Fate was not so cruel as he had feared. The storm began to abate.

They reached the Azores, then in Portuguese possession. The *Pinta* had not reappeared. Was she at the bottom of the sea, or had she taken a different course? No one knew. Meanwhile the last casks of biscuits had been opened, and it was imperative to get more provisions. Three men were sent ashore; but they were immediately arrested by the Portuguese. It became plain that the authorities intended to arrest Columbus too, and it was a miracle that the affair did not result in a naval engagement. Columbus succeeded somehow in saving the situation, and after wasting twenty-two days he at last escaped from Portuguese clutches.

At long last, on March 14, hung with flags, the battered *Nina* limped into the harbour of Palos. They had long been



given up for lost, and the surprise and joy of the people were boundless. The joy was changed to dismay when it was seen that only one ship had returned out of the three that had set out. However, a few hours later the *Pinta* entered the harbour, too. Apart from the thirty-nine men left in Hispaniola, every single one of the original expedition had returned safely. The only disappointed soul was Pinzon. He had deliberately taken a different course, hoping to be the first to arrive in Spain and tell his story to the queen. And here was the *Nina* already, forestalling him!

The demonstrations in honour of Columbus reached a height of frenzy. All that he had brought back was displayed in a procession in Barcelona. The six Indians who walked before his horse caused much excited interest. The climax came when he appeared before the king and queen and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing them kneel before him. They knew that he had brought them lands far richer and bigger than Spain, and in the name of humanity they acclaimed him as the hero who had taken the first step towards the civilisation of the world.

In the meantime, however, divine justice was wreaking vengeance on Pinzon in excluding him from these triumphs; for he died shortly after his return home.

In six months of unremitting effort, Columbus had prepared his second expedition. It was composed of fourteen caravels and three transport vessels manned by a total complement of 1500 men. By September 25 the fleet left the harbour of Palos. At the Canary Islands two of the transport vessels took on cattle, chickens, pigs, mules, mastiff dogs and fifty horses.

It took nearly a month to complete the equipment necessary for the foundation of a new world.

Hispaniola was their destination.

A month later they sighted land. They passed two islands and dropped anchor off a third, which Columbus called Guadalupe. From some fugitive slaves he learned that the inhabitants were cannibals who were constantly raiding the neighbouring islands. They killed and ate all the men. The boys were fattened for future use, and the girls were kept to ensure a supply of plump infants. No wonder Columbus quickly departed from this horrible place, and went on to explore the next island, which he called Santa Cruz. Here they were greeted by a shower of poisoned arrows. They stopped long enough to rescue some women slaves, and then steered for Hispaniola.

Columbus was eager to see what progress had been achieved by the settlement he had left at Natividad. Superficial exploration a few leagues earlier revealed the gruesome spectacle of two decomposed bodies, one with a flowing beard. Since the natives were beardless, this could only be a Spaniard. There was no one to give any clue to the mystery, so he proceeded very cautiously until he came in sight of Natividad, when he signalled with a gun. There was no reply. No sign of life. A squad of men was sent to Guacanacary's village, but they found the place deserted.

When he reached the edge of the wood he spurred the horse and with a bound disappeared into the forest. Caonabo had not made any resistance. He knew that he was trapped

The bell of the church at Isabella. For a year and a half Caonabo was to hear the sound of this bell mocking him in his prison

Eventually, some Indians appeared, and this was the dismal tale they told. The garrison had treated the natives very badly. Each Spaniard had a harem of three or four girls, and they quarrelled and fought over them incessantly. Their greed and brutality had embittered Guacanacary. Then they were attacked by order of the terrible Caonabo, the cacique who owned the gold mines. Every Spaniard had been killed and the fort looted and burnt.

Columbus redoubled his efforts to pick up the threads of former friendship with the now reluctant natives. He searched for Guacanacary and found him recovering from a wound. The reassuring presence and kindness of Columbus worked wonders. Protection from Caonabo was promised to all. A new fort was built and named San Tomas, while foundations, huts and stables were erected towards the new township of Isabella. It was to have a church with a bell. But what impressed the natives most of all were the horses.

One day Guacanacary visited Columbus on board his ship and there beheld the ten native women who had escaped from the Caribs. One of them was so beautiful and so like a European that the Spaniards called her Catalina. From the way the handsome Guacanacary conversed with her, it was plain that he had fallen in love at sight. No one was surprised, as every man on board had felt her fascination. That night the alarm sounded from the Admiral's ship. The ten girls were seen swimming away. A boat was lowered and the fugitives pursued, but only four could be recaptured. Catalina had escaped. Subsequent inquiry revealed that Guacanacary, too, had disappeared from his village, taking his new sweetheart to a safer and more secluded spot. In time he reappeared, ready to help Columbus in dealing with the deadly menace of Caonabo and his Caribs, who had roused all the fighting men of the island, over ten thousand, armed with bows and arrows and ready to spring on to Fort San Tomas. (*Continued on p.* 57)

Looking at the new Waterloo Bridge from Cleopatra's Needle. This view gives a very good idea of the slender lines of the bridge and its fine wide arches

They Built Their Bridge

A task accomplished and a monument to the Londoners' determination

By Trevor Allen

WHEN we talk of the war in after years, let it be said of Londoners and the London County Council, who initiated the scheme: *They built their bridge.* Just that. It will be a tribute as great as any to the fabulous Horatius who kept *his* against all comers and inspired even an historian to write an ode about it. *They built their bridge.* In other words, they could not only "take it" but cock a snoot at Goering's bully Luftwaffe and get on with the big job in hand. Shall we not say, then, of the new Waterloo Bridge: *It isn't just a bridge, you know—it's a symbol of Cockney grit, a monument to Cockney determination. Built, most of it during the deadliest war in history, while this old London was going through its worst ordeal.*

Don't think it was easy. Bombs came sufficiently near,

The bridge is faced with Portland stone and workmen are polishing up the stone prior to its opening. This view, taken from the southern side shows how the bridge harmonises with the new buildings on the north side of the river

thank you—some of them heavies; and one modern Horatius said of the incendiaries that rained down in the night: "Lumme, I've worn out a pair of boots, I have, kicking the damn things into the river." He and his mates on night-guard had two little round concrete pill-boxes as funk-holes, but they felt very naked and exposed—very—out there on the bridge works while the fireworks were going on. As one of them put it: "Give me Thursday night at the old Crystal Palace any time before this lot." There was a third pill-box, but that was where the contractor stowed his papers at the end of the day's work, as carefully as a mother would stow her infants—plans and specifications which it would be difficult to replace if they were blitzed.

Before the war as many as five hundred men at a time swarmed over the works; during the war the number dropped as low as one hundred and fifty. Some were called up, others went to jobs nearer their homes because of transport difficulties. When the day blitzes first came worked stopped while the hands took shelter; later, they just carried on until the imminent danger red flag went up. Blast made a mess of the resident engineer's office. Being a tidy, methodical man, he said things. Most of the essential material was already to hand, but incidentals became difficult to get or were held up in transit, and there was one hitch over cement. No, it wasn't easy. But still the work forged on, even before it was scheduled under the Essential Works Order.

When something like 750,000 cubic feet of concrete and 6,000 tons of reinforcing steel had been put into that bridge, and it was ready to take two lines of traffic to begin with, I walked over it with Mr. H. F. Nolans, Messrs. Rendel, Palmer and Tritton's R.E., and said to him: "Well, you've been on this job for nearly eight years. What do you feel, now it's nearing completion?" "When an engineer starts a job," he replied, "he wants to see it finished. That's all he cares about. He's only happy when he sees it going ahead. He's unhappy when it isn't." Under the £647,922 contract, the bridge was due for completion in 1940; now the final touches, including those to steps and subway at the north end, cannot be added until the war is over.

Engineers dislike this Hamlet business, even though it cannot be helped. They want to finish the job well to time, say "That's that," and go on to the next. That is what Mr. Nolans has been doing, with a gap of only one week, since he graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and went to the Manchester Ship Canal as assistant-engineer at twenty. He was there nine years; another twelve with the Port of London Authority; helped to build the King George V Dock, and prior to Waterloo Bridge was Resident Engineer for the Royal Docks Approaches Improvements which was carried out under the auspices of the Ministry of Transport. At Manchester he once worked three days and nights without rest, clearing a sunken barge which was blocking traffic.

Waterloo Bridge has brought this quiet, shrewd Irishman one contact he relishes: an occasional visitor to the site who specially admired Rennie, builder of the 1817 (*Continued on page* 66)

Workmen give a cheer for the first bus to cross the new Waterloo Bridge

ILLUSTRATED BY M. MACKINLAY

The Last Heil!

A Drama of the Night Sky

By Alan Hyder

A SCIMITAR pendant on the blackness, the moon was artificial, cut from silver paper: matching it, stars were too low, too big for reality. Below, carelessly tumbled, clouds were silver sequined. Distant in that colourless shining infinity, faint, a smear of scarlet tinged the snowiness. Above it flickered and danced a Christmas tree of sparks, red, emerald, golden and fiery.

Towards that colour, dropping, rising, contorting, over the rough-heaped whiteness, raced the long, winged, sinister shadow of a bombing plane.

Man, rat-like, furtive on the floor of Heaven.

Flying from that shadow the plane's pilot was esoteric with the magic of the night, fey. His personality split: became dual: fractured again into a hundred facets each brilliant with tiny pictures from the realms of imagination and memory.

His phones, thin, crackling modulated *fortissimo*.

The *Vogelstadt Singverein* were singing carols:

"Heilige Nacht, fröhliche Nacht. . . ."

The Hauptstrasse eiderdowned with snow and bejewelled from glowing windows which displayed Neuigkeiten, Christkinder running cheerily through the village to sadden under the black firs and curl cringing from the encircling mountains: stamp of feet and laughter inside the toy-like houses of Vogelstadt: foaming mugs of Hofbräu: pretzels heaped in a blue and white bowl.

Then spring flowers on the mountainside and a child, blonde pig-tails flying, in pursuit of a tall, gangling brother.

Luftwaffe pilot Willi Fasse glanced out and down from his aircraft. There pursued the grim, winged shadow.

In his gauntlets Fasse's knuckles clamped white on the controls. Beneath his goggles his eyes moistened and burned, a trickle of sweat ran icily between his shoulders.

The organ note of the phones died.

The second pilot whispered into his mouthpiece.

"Old times, Willi. On the job again."

On the job again! The straps of Fasse's parachute seemed to pinion him . . . on the job.

On the job again!

Flames leaping over Warsaw: the dyked flats of Holland and the crouching city of Rotterdam: the refugee-packed roads of Flanders spouting at his passing: the massed grey roofs of London and crimson tinting the winding river.

The unexpected switch to the Eastern Front: and the surprise, the breath-taking amazement when, over the rolling steppes, his aircraft had been shot down by a vicious red-starred fighter.

The discovery that, of his crew, only Hans the tail-gunner was dead: the long wait nursing a fractured shoulder: the bitterness which seared him when, as flyers, even though not seriously wounded, his crew were given priority on the long, laden hospital train, ousting shattered, amputated, useless fighting men.

The clean white peace of hospital and the elusive changing of his moods and ideals.

Leave and home: Vogelstadt in Southern Bavaria . . . to see great bomb craters, shattered cottages. A mile away an ammunition dump had been secreted and nearly found by British flyers.

In the hill-slanted little cemetery fresh graves were flower-covered among the sombre cedars: the Fasse vault held two new coffins, one large, one very small: Grandfather Fasse, Burgermeister of Vogelstadt, and Adela, blonde pig-tailed little Adela, who such a short time ago had been electric with the joyous current of life.

Transformed subtly, Willi Fasse rejoined his squadron. Puzzled, frustrated, no longer an alert Luftwaffe pilot, but a youth who spoke rarely because his mouth slackened so easily. He became shy, hesitant amongst the clamour and boasting and drinking and coarseness of the mess.

But not until he had pulled the great bomber off the lighted runway of the drome near St. Briene and roared up into the night sky on the first "job" since his crash did he realise what ailed him.

The war! He knew now what it meant.

And he became aware that his sorrow, germinating in Vogelstadt, had sprouted tendrils, spread and blossomed luxuriantly until it covered Europe like the cloud layers over which he now sped.

His target held tall-chimneyed war factories it was true, but dwarfing these by their numbers would be little houses. In them would be old men who, until the sirens screamed, would be sitting, like Grandfather Fasse used to sit, by the warm hob with a pipe shaky in gnarled hands. Children would be asleep. Pert little girls with blonde pig-tails, like Adela. Little girls who had big, adored, gangling brothers . . . like Willi Fasse.

Willi Fasse . . . who was "on the job again."

There were no scarlet and yellow sparks in the distance now. Only that faint blood smear on the low-lying clouds.

Their work done, their target-lighting incendiaries dropped, the vanguard was away home in a swerving detour to avoid the incoming bombers.

What were his crew's thoughts Fasse wondered.

Second pilot Friedrich, plump in his flying-suit, had once been engaged to a girl. A girl who lived in Warsaw. He did not know, would in all probability never know, what had become of her. Friedrich drank heavily, was boisterous, a good fellow. But Fasse knew that in his heart bitterness fermented.

Observer Müller, a violinist until he had been swirled into and near drowned in the drums and brasses of Hitler's raucous symphonics. Thin, black-browed, Judaic rather than Teutonic.

In his astral-hatch the top-gunner, Conrad. On every flight a leather folder bulged his breast pocket. Beside the bullet torn plane on the steppes Fasse had been shown it. The portrait of a smiling woman with a child in her arms. At her skirts clutched another. A boy who scowled and had tears in his eyes. Conrad, with an abashed grin had explained the tragedy. He had preferred not to have the youngster photographed in Hitler Youth uniform.

And Hans—No! Hans was dead. There was a new tail-gunner, Schelm. About this stranger there was a frosty air which kept even formalities distant. He had been vouched for as an air-gunner,

In the cat-walk Schelm crouched. A thin wisp of smoke curled from his automatic

rather curiously, by a C.O. who was not in the habit of losing good men. But certainly Schelm's ice-blue eyes, caved beneath beetling brows, were the cold eyes of a killer. Nothing else was known of him. He seemed a lonely man. Indeed letters appeared to surprise him. He would study the address frowning, fingering, then saunter away to read in privacy. It was, perhaps, the lack of kin which made him so interested in the affairs of others. He was a bigoted propagandist of the regime.

Thus the crew, each a self-contained entity, of the aircraft rocketing over the clouds towards the "leg" of England and a target in South Wales.

Fasse, fighting to control himself as he controlled the plane, knocked his interphone round before his lips.

"Müller."

"Herr Leutnant."

"Looking forward to it?"

"I am ready, Herr Leutnant."

Fasse ran a tongue over lips that suddenly became dry and slack. Strange, he thought, that was no answer. It was a moment before he spoke again.

"Conrad."

"Herr Leutnant."

Fasse pondered on that intonation. What did it hold. Nothing? Everything.

"You have seen anything?"

Wellsian in his astral-hatch, Conrad's head did not turn. It remained peering ahead at that dim pinkiness staining the cloud floor.

"The target, Herr Leutnant," Conrad said.

That pause before the reply. Fasse pondered its significance, feeling himself a violin string tuned to concert pitch: aware that in the long, rakish bombing aircraft birth pangs were in throe: a danger was being born which promised singularly peace, relief, safety.

His lips opened to call Hans. But Hans slept on the Soviet steppes. There was another tail-gunner, a stranger contacted to Fasse, breathless, alert, seeking an explanation to some conundrum not yet expounded.

"Friedrich."

The second pilot reached out a hand, rested it momentarily on Fasse's knee.

A silence before Fasse called the tail-gunner cognizant that huddled before his gun-stocks at the end of the long catwalk the unknown waited and listened.

"Tail-gunner."

"Herr Leutnant."

"You have seen anything?"

"The target, Herr Leutnant. It has been well lit."

The reply was instantaneous, eager, moistly lascivious as if Schelm's mouth was spittle-beaded with anticipation.

The dark clairvoyance of Fasse flashed alight with truth. Schelm's recommendation that he was a fine air-gunner lied. Schelm's interest lay, not in his guns, but in the bombs. The bombs which soon, like droppings from a foul night-bird, would splatter filthily those huddled little houses.

Schelm was speaking again:

"We will give them a taste of something good tonight, Herr Leutnant."

The words tinkled into Fasse's phones like flecks of ice, snapped into a myriad fragments as though cast down from a terrible height to become . . . nothing.

"Achtung!" Fasse said. He ignored Schelm. "I'm going off my course."

He sensed the thrill those words caused.

The aircraft lurched, swung about.

Shining through a gap in the stratocumulus cloud layer the ruddy glow was stronger, nearer. Fasse, the pilot, was attracted towards it like a spark in an air-current: Fasse, the big brother of Adela, strained, eased, fought for the controls.

The aircraft veered from her course.

Breathless, his teeth bared, Schelm, dropping like a swooping hawk, counted . . . . and tugged at his rip-cord

"I am going to run in," Fasse said very slowly, thoughtfully, "not from the land as we arranged, but from the sea."

The inter-phones seemed gusty with heavy breathing.

"The flak is very heavy."

Schelm's voice shrilled and crackled at Fasse's ear-drums.

"No ! Herr Leutnant, it is as light as I have seen. The target is wide open. There is nothing to——"

" God ! "

The ejaculation wrung from Fasse cut short Schelm like a shell burst. It eased the tension in the aircraft as if something that jarred, some heated bearing, felt the flow of oil, ran smoothly again. Fasse smiled. Strangely he was at peace with himself. That abrupt, spontaneous exclamation he knew had exposed him nakedly to Friedrich and Müller and Conrad.

Lightly, effortlessly, Willi Fasse, the brother of Adela, controlled the great bomber.

"I am not going over the target."

The words pealed through the inter-phone.

"Müller."

There was no answer yet Fasse knew the observer listened.

"I am going to swing away out to sea," Fasse said. "There will be no target tonight. Send our load down into the water when I tell you."

Like the calm, serene nucleus of a cyclone a silence dropped into that roaring bomber. Eerily it lasted unbroken for a long space of time.

"Send them down."

Fasse spoke tranquilly, Schelm forgotten. Friedrich, Müller and Conrad were with him. That he knew.

Schelm spoke.

With guttural sharpness, sentences clipped, curt, a harangue vehement with censure. It ended. A pause. Then :

"Heil Hitler !"

Fasse glanced at Friedrich. The second pilot looked to his front, huge, inanimate. But his hand snailed out and fingers ridged by gauntlets gripped Fasse's knee.

Schelm was mouthing at the inter-phone. Threatening, denouncing. . . .

So ! This was the stranger. He had run his colours up mast-high.

The flaunting tirade crackled to an end, paused and again climaxed :

"Heil Hitler !"

"Müller."

"Herr Leutnant."

"Let your bombs go," Fasse ordered.

He tensed, waiting for the lift as the aircraft lightened.

"Stop !"

Friedrich's hand on Fasse's knee tightened.

"A member of the Gestapo, I have the authority to order you, Herr Leutnant," Schelm said harshly. "Bring your plane about. Drop your bombs on your target."

Fasse looked over his shoulder. Schelm had left his turret and was stooped in the cat-walk. Under his beetling brows his ice-cold blue eyes smouldered fanatically. One hand plugged in his inter-phone : the other thrust out an automatic.

Fasse looked towards Müller.

"Observer, let those bombs go."

"Herr Leutnant."

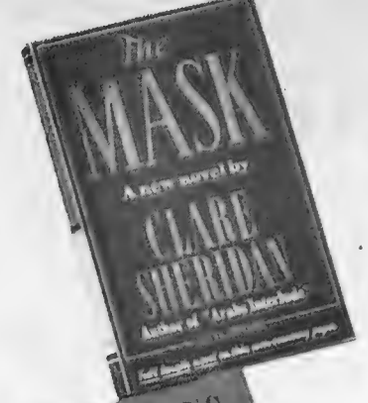
Müller took up his position peering down at the cloud-obscured ocean. He took up the bomb-release gear. Then he slumped, dropped slowly prostrate, and lay still. A stain seeped about his flying-suit.

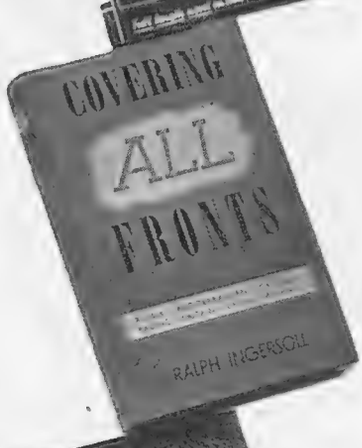
In the cat-walk Schelm crouched. A thin wisp of smoke curled from his automatic. That shot, loud in the plane, had been silent in the phones.

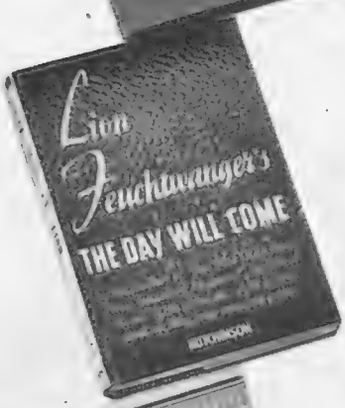
"Come !" Schelm grated. "Round on your course, Herr Leutnant. I will bomb your target."

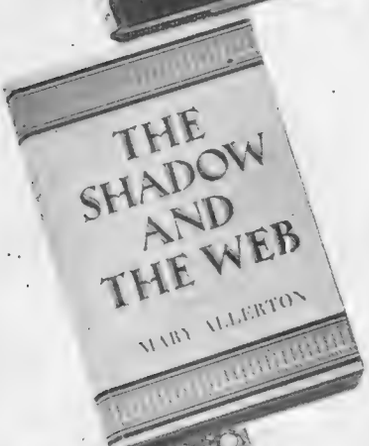
Fasse's hands circled. Defiantly the aircraft swung (*Continued on page* 67)

Books: *Reviewed by Noel Thompson*









IN these days of mechanical output it is pleasant to sit down and read an enjoyably pedestrian book. Such is Lion Feuchtwanger's latest historical novel, "The Day Will Come" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). With this book he completes his trio about Josephus, the Jewish historian, of which the earlier two were "Josephus" and "The Jew of Rome."

Feuchtwanger has the knack of making you feel that he was present in Rome in the days of Domitian and that he saw the scenes which he describes so well. It is a great study of the Emperor and God, of his wife and of his court, as much as it is of the Jews who lived on the fringe of it, clear, simple, and dramatic in material and style.

Vicki Baum has produced a *tour de force* of character delineation in her latest novel, "Grand Opera" (Geoffrey Bles, 8s. 6d.). All the action takes place during one performance of *Carmen* at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, with the leading lady playing, as she should, the chief part. All Vicki Baum's well-known powers of observation and natural writing are used, and the portrait of the world-famous conductor and his humdrum wife are particularly good. The tangles of back-stage life in international opera make a good setting which while not to be compared with "Grand Hotel" has much of its quality.

Of very different type is "One Small Candle" by Cecil Roberts (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 6d.). In this a medical student makes a great deal of money out of a successful play and gives up medicine to go to Hollywood. The reader gets plenty of excellent variety for his money. First an orange grove in Florida ruled over by an eighty-year-old martinet, at which the student meets the lovely film-star granddaughter. From there back to Henley and scenes which make even a drybob regret the days of the Henley Regatta. So to Florence, and finally an old castle in Poland at the time of the German invasion. There is nothing to choose in the skill with which all these separate settings are described and the plot developed. This makes good reading. And in case you are wondering why the title, I give the quotation in full. It explains itself and the book. "There is not enough darkness in the world to put out the light of one small candle."

Clare Sheridan has produced a really novel plot for her, "The Mask" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). A young artist, madly in love with his wife, goes out to fight in the last war. He is posted as missing, believed dead. In fact he has been terribly wounded. His whole face, except his eyes, has been blown away. A German doctor, as an experiment, tries to build it up again. The hero will never be able to speak or smile or show any expression. He decides it is not fair to burden his young and lovely wife and son, so he arranges for a certificate of death to be sent and settles down to a new existence in Germany. He "marries" his devoted nurse, whose one desire is to have a child so that she can see again something of the missing face.

You can argue about the developments of the plot all day and try to solve the complications. I do not say that Clare Sheridan's solution is right, but it rounds off as engrossing a book as you will find in many months.

"Leopards and Spots" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) also has post-war Germany and England for its background. Naomi Jacobs puts forward Nina, who, caught on the rebound from a youthful love affair, marries a naturalised German shortly before the last war.

This is a good, straightforward story, even though her husband, having fought for England, later cannot change his spots and becomes a Nazi. Character drawing and setting lift this book out of the rut.

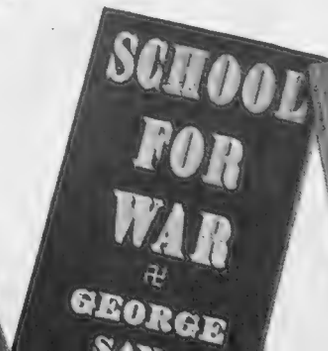
The name of Ralph Ingersoll, editor of the American paper "P.M.," has been seen much in our papers recently over fine descriptive articles of his travels round the world war. Now in "Covering All Fronts" (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.) he has put together his experiences of a trip which took (*Continued on page* 58)

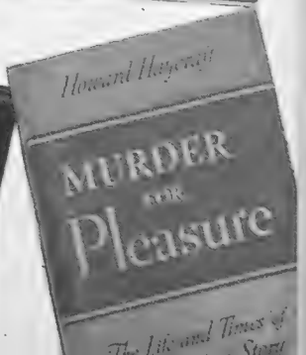
Two Books on War

THERE are two books about the war this month which deserve to be paired together because of the contrast they provide. I recommend them both.

First, "Spitfire Pilot" (Faber and Faber, 5s.), by Flight-Lieutenant D. M. Crook, D.F.C. The title of this book is self explanatory. It tells the story of the famous 609 Squadron from the point of view of one of its pilots. Dashed off between alerts during the Battle of Britain and after, it is a naive, exciting story of training, patrols, fights and sudden death told in the straightforward manner you would expect from the R.A.F. I am proud that the author came from my old school (and was presumably therefore a pupil of Mr. Chips). It gives a first-class picture of what life is like for the "Fighter Boys."

In contrast is George Sava's "School for War" (Faber and Faber, 6s.). This is a brilliant analysis of how Germany prepared and trained for war, with special stress on the psychological angle. The Second Great War really began on November 11, 1918, says the author, and he traces the development from writing and speeches step by step until the Nazis came and afterwards. It makes fascinating reading, though ghastly compared with our own unpreparedness, and also gives a clear insight into the German war machine.





Romance In Wartime

He fell asleep in his bath and dreamed a dream

By Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

ANSON HAYWARD was known to his intimates as Robin. His mother had rechristened him by that nickname because he had round eyes which stared rather insolently at the world in general and he had that air of friendly fearlessness which is achieved by hungry robins on winter window-sills.

When he arrived at the impromptu birthday party to which he had been invited he was rather drunk but, in an assembly of those celebrating snatched leave with infrequent hilarity, it was unnoticeable. His host thrust a drink into his hand and Robin swallowed it automatically. Finding his glass empty he battled his way towards the bar, exchanging remarks with the few of his acquaintances he encountered.

It was then he found himself beside a slim girl in a neat, black suit, with a white flower pinned in her collar.

She had a quaint little face, he decided. He liked the way one corner of her mouth turned up as if she had her own private joke. But she looked slightly forlorn and a little lost, as if she knew nobody present and was embarrassed by the fact.

For some moments he considered her, then :

"How long has this party been going on?" he inquired.

"I don't know. I haven't been here long." She answered him shyly, and added, as if with an effort : "Have you just arrived?"

"Yes. And I'm going to be bored. None of my crowd here. Any of yours?"

She looked straight at him as she shook her head and he noted that her eyes were dark with a golden gleam which turned them to hazel.

"I came with a woman," she told him. "And the last I saw of her was she was talking to something ever so beribboned about vibrations."

"So Bloomsbury and Olde Worlde," Robin sighed. "I suppose she's something to do with radiolocation!" he grinned happily. "Someone said that in this lovely mix-up there was a bee-utiful foreign spy—an Austrian bogus countess or something. Naturally she would be a spy. Lends such tone to this sort of party doesn't it? Or not?"

A twinkle came into her eyes and they turned hazel.

"What fun! Where is she?"

"I don't know or care. Tell me—will you dine with me?"

She hesitated and Robin, looking at her, wondered crossly : Why doesn't she say what she's thinking?

He seemed to perceive with the utmost clarity her reaction.

I should like to, her thoughts ran, but if I do we shall dine in some small, very stuffy restaurant of some intimacy; after we have drunk some very unpleasant red wine with a forged label on the bottle and of extreme costliness, he will try to hold my hand under the table, and then there will be the tedious moment when I reach for the key of my door—but I wonder if I could risk it—just for once.

"No," Robin said firmly. "There won't be any doorstep fun. But don't come if you don't want to."

"How did you know?" Again her eyes twinkled.

Robin almost gasped. She had a sense of humour! The gods were almost overdoing it! Aloud he said simply :

"I'm not a fool and I'm hungry and I hate to eat alone when I'm on leave."

"Where?"

"We'll go to Marius. The food isn't quite so poisonous there. It still manages to be twenty times as expensive as it should be I believe, but the proprietor will give me ten per cent off the bill, for the sake of old times."

"Which must be a help," she agreed gravely.

"It is. It saves the waiter's tip."

His reasoning stunned her to silence and with no further comment she permitted him to pilot her through the crowded room.

"Don't bother to say good-bye," he advised. "Since no one seems to know

"Can't take any one in this time o'night," she commenced and then Wanda heard the clink of coins

you have arrived, they won't be unduly worried if you go."

Over the dinner table, later, he said:

"I could fall in love with you. Which reminds me, I don't know your name."

"I called myself Wanda, years ago," she told him, and there was a swift sadness in her eyes. "Because it seems to me that I'm always wandering."

"It's a bad pun and a worse description," he declared. "My name is Robin. The other part—which you'll have to get used to—is Hayward."

"Why must I get used to it, Robin?"

"When we're married you'll have to sign it on your cheques. That is if you have any money. I haven't, but it doesn't matter really."

SHE was silent with her face slightly averted. The side of her mouth which dropped was visible only.

"I don't believe you've ever been happy," he said suddenly. "You will be with me. I can't do much for you now, but I promise you that you'll live laughing and die young."

"Young!" The word rang through her mind.

"Yes. Young! You were born grown up. It's time that you grew down. Every one has got to be young once. You know——"

"I'm older than you," she said reprovingly.

"Naturally. In any case, you've got an old mind. I suppose that you've never been with young people much?"

The truth of his words hit her as a blow. They were true. She had always been with people much older than herself

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

—much older. She had never enjoyed herself with careless gaiety and; she was young.

"Why shouldn't you try?" he suggested, still aware of the fact that he was reading her thoughts in the most uncanny fashion. "Before it's too late? Big, big—be brave—think of Mr. Bevin—or be your beautiful self! I mean why not?"

He knew that she was asking herself the same question.

"Why not? One's dead such a long time!"

Under the spell of his insouciant personality she was, quite sincerely, asking herself if she had ever lived—been alive—a sentence came to her mind from early training—"the quick and the dead"—the quick and the dead — to which category had she made herself belong?

"I've got a car," Robin was saying aloud to her. "It's in the garage next door here. It's an old truck, but it goes like mad on leave petrol. Let's run away in it. It's cold and wet and beastly here—we'll drive all night and find spring in Devonshire. Or anyway, sunshine!"

"Are you quite crazy?" she asked.

"Not a bit. If you don't like me I'll bring you back. If you do I'll get a marriage licence."

"Do you always mention marriage in suggesting experiment?"

"I don't. But I have a feeling that in this case it would be a good thing for both of us. Let's go—now."

"I'm afraid of adventures," she said.

"I have an idea that you're afraid of a lot of things, mostly unnecessarily," he told her. "Tell me you're not that kind of a girl. I'm fully aware of it. If you were I shouldn't run off with you. Could you finish your coffee while I pay the bill?"

"I think," she said quietly, and Robin glimpsed a hint of regret in her darkened eyes, "that is a good idea. I'm rather tired. I'd like an early night. And thank you for a delightful evening."

"O.K. if you prefer it." He smiled at her. "It's your mistake. You see, my dear, you may not know it, but you're throwing away happiness. I recognised you in some funny way when I saw you. You belong to me really and I've been looking for you, but so far I'd been unlucky. Always seemed to miss you! But I could make love to you beautifully—or not, if you preferred—I'd wait. Only we must be together. Can't you understand?"

"I think you are quite mad," she said a little crossly and Robin knew that she was more annoyed with herself for her lack of courage than his impertinence. The idea of running away to sunshine with him upon a whimsical impulse had appealed to her more than she would have been prepared to admit. He was considerably encouraged.

Aloud he said meekly: "If you'll wait a moment and powder your nose I'll get the car. It's almost impossible to get a taxi round here."

She did not speak until she had settled herself comfortably in the car some minutes later, then she mentioned:

"I live at Mayhowe Court; it's near Marble Arch."

HE pressed the starter and the engine purred. Wanda relaxed and pondered on the fact that she wished decidedly that in some way she could contrive a further meeting with the young man who sat silent beside her. He might suggest it or he might not. Young men were like that. Doubtless he considered he had received a rebuff. It was wartime. . . .

With a sudden jerk she sat forward peering through the wet windscreen into the darkness. The road was wide and she could see the dim shapes of trees instead of buildings.

"Where are you going?" she gasped.

"To Devonshire, my sweet," he answered. "Or somewhere like it."

"Take me back, at once," she ordered imperiously.

"My poor girl," he said kindly, "I have decided to give myself an enchanted week-end. It may be my first—or last. Who knows?" He paused. "And you were quite right, I am mad. That's why I'm on leave. They've discovered that if I'm crossed in the least little thing I'm liable to become violent. And it's one of the points in my odd mania that I can't turn a car round."

It was about three in the morning when Robin pulled up in front of a small inn. Wanda, who had fallen into an exhausted sleep from sheer terror was jerked awake. She could see the vague lines of a low, whitewashed building looming and the headlight showed a door which was barred and unfriendly.

Robin hammered on it and eventually an old woman came to the door clutching a coat round her.

"Can't take any one in this time o' night," she commenced and Wanda heard the clink of coins. She was so tired and so bemused that she hardly knew that she found herself wrapped in a large bath towel and that there was a hot-water bottle at her feet. Before she could reason her circumstances to any satisfactory conclusion she discovered that she was awake again and that there was sunshine outside the window. She could hear sounds which she associated with a farmyard: clucking, quacking, an occasional "moo" and the clanking of pails.

Where am I? she wondered in panic. What on earth am I going to do?

She shivered herself to the edge of the bed.

"Oh," she gasped as Robin comfortably and sociably entered the room.

"Good morning, sweet," he said.

"Did you sleep well?"

"What are you doing in my room?"

(*Continued on page 62*)

Wanda found herself being led up the blackened chancel. There was the gutted remains of the glassless little rose window which had been above the altar. Robin stood still

On Duty and Off

An American friend of ours dined with us last week. We had not seen each other since '39, and when the greetings were over he said, "It is nice to see the house still here and nothing changed."

"You will notice a few changes presently," I told him gently; "we dine in the pantry now."

A few minutes later, when we were seated round the pantry-table, he remarked, "It would be fun to send a flashlight picture of this out to America." And this started us off on a question-and-answer game about New York.

Q. Is there a black-out?

A. No; but there is a dim-out. A bright light has to have a little something in the way of a curtain or "drape" near by.

Q. Are the clubs and restaurants crowded?

A. Yes; packed every night. You see everyone you know at 21 and El Morocco. Every man is in uniform of some kind or another, even the most unlikely playboys, who you never would have expected to have any war-like ambitions.

Q. Where are all those internationally famous American glamour girls?

A. They are around; but no one takes any notice of them any more. People are too interested in the war.

Q. Do they take the war very seriously?

A. Very. And how they have clamped down on anyone with a tendency towards Isolationist theories!

THE ministering angel of the Victorian or Edwardian era was wont to soothe a man's fevered brow. Nowadays she needs to know how to soothe his fevered feet. Two pairs of feet have been claiming my particular attention just lately; one Home Guard, and the other Army—both blistered and in a sorry state of repair. The Home Guard feet recovered in three days, whereas the Army feet, under the treatment of a medical orderly, were still in a thorough mess ten days later. The result of this has been that I have made up two foot-comfort boxes, each containing the wherewithal for foot care, and on the lid of each box I have pasted typewritten instructions listing what every man should know about his own feet.

It would, of course, be nice if the Army and Home Guard really got down to the business of teaching the men how to take care of their feet, but as this seems to be omitted from the syllabus, it is up to each woman to see that her man knows how to look after his own feet.

While dealing with the blisters on the Army feet, I noticed that the toe-nails were cut in the worst possible way—too short, and very ragged at the corners. This is likely to cause ingrowing toe-nails during route-marches. Apart from the blisters, there was one long sore across the heel which had obviously been caused by wearing too large a sock, which had rucked and rubbed.

ON DUTY

The British Army boot is as perfect as a boot can be. Every detail is worked out efficiently. The sole is just thick enough to be pliant and give perfect protection; the seams are arranged so that there is no rub at the heel; and the "puff" clears the toes. But even a fool-proof boot will not protect a man who wears the wrong kind of socks and does not know how to take care of his own toes and heels. Here are the instructions I have worked out for my men:

TOE-NAILS. Do not cut your toe-nails too short. They should reach almost to the end of the toes, but not beyond. Smooth the edges even with emery-board provided. See that the nails at the corners of the big toes are not left ragged, or they will splinter.

TO HARDEN FEET FOR ROUTE-MARCHES. After you have had your bath, run cold water on your feet for a few seconds. Dry very thoroughly, especially between the toes. Then rub feet with a little surgical spirit. The spirit will condition the skin between the toes, and remember to give the heels an extra-good rub. Finish by dusting on the foot-powder. Never soak feet in hot water; it makes the skin soggy.

SOCKS. Remember that your socks must fit properly. If they are too small they will cramp the toes, and if they are too large they will ruck and rub sore places. If you suffer from hot feet and your socks are as hard as boards when you take them off, give them an hour's soaking in a basin of warm water into which you have stirred not more than six drops of Jeyes' Fluid. At the end of the hour, stir up the socks well and rinse them. They can then be washed at home in the ordinary way with soap-flakes. Home-washed socks keep their size and softness better than laundered socks, but if they must be sent to the laundry, see that they are soaked with Jeyes', as described above, rinsed well, and hung up to dry, before they are sent. A darned sock is very likely to blister your foot on a route-march.

BLISTERS. Put a little flavine and spirit on a small swab of wool and wipe over the blister. Take a new needle, which has been placed in surgical spirit for at least five minutes, prick the blister in two places near the edge (not in the centre), press out the fluid, wipe over again with flavine and spirit on a clean swab of wool, place a small round of boracic lint, smooth side to the skin, on the blister, and strap over with Elastoplast (round the edges of the Elastoplast to make it fit). Change the dressing each time you have your bath.

CONTENTS OF FOOT-BOX.

One emery-board in an envelope.

One bottle of surgical spirit, which you can get from your chemist.

One tin of Rexall Foot-powder. If you cannot get this, see that you get an astringent foot-powder including salicylic acid. The zinc, starch and boracic powder offered by chemists is not really satisfactory, as it does not dry the skin properly.

One small bottle of Jeyes' Fluid, with instructions not to use more than a few drops in the rinsing water.

One small bottle of flavine and spirit, well corked, as this stains everything a bright yellow colour.

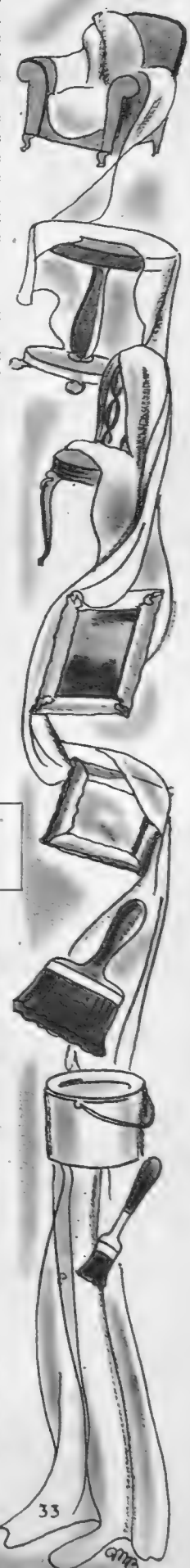
One small jar of unguent zinc and eucalyptus.

One little packet of boracic lint.

One small roll of cotton wool.

One small tin of Elastoplast.

At least two brand-new steel sewing-needles, size 4, in a little square of white lint.



TWO of the most remarkable features about the American films shown over here lately are the amount of fruit or food depicted on the screen, and the way that Hollywood film directors have succeeded in glamorising the humble dust-sheet. A dust-sheet may be used to let the audience know that the heroine has gone away from the hero, or that they are spending a week-end in the country; or merely that a party is imminent. Whichever way the dust-sheet is featured, the audience is given the impression that as soon as it is removed, the rooms are as fresh as if they had been "Hoovered" five minutes before.

OFF DUTY

Just lately I have had many dealings with dust-sheets, and, to my woe, I have found that they do not work as well as they apparently do in Hollywood. The story of my London dust-sheets is this: Two years ago we moved into a furnished top-floor flat belonging to my parents. Came the blitz, and the flat swung like a hammock. So, short-staffed though we were, we packed the flat away in dust-sheets and moved back to our own house. Lately, I have been recleaning the flat from all the accumulated dust, dirt and debris; and a most interesting experience it has been.

Although the walls and ceilings have been badly shaken and one window is out, all the contents have so far survived undamaged. You are not allowed to spend more than £50 on a building without a special Government order, but if you employ a good firm it is extraordinary how much they can repair for a comparatively small sum of money. Although paint and distemper are strictly rationed, you are still allowed to have your walls and ceilings repapered; and where the walls are uncracked, distempered rooms and passages will wash up beautifully at very little cost if they are done professionally.

By Jane Gordon

By Winifred Lewis

FARMING

It is a fact that already among serving men and women who have tasted the freedom and the sheer physical well-being of an outdoor life many are resolved never to return to office desks and shop-counters.

They have other ideals as well. Traditions have been wiped out, old values have been changed. These men and women find themselves with a clearer, a more mature, conception of what they want from life.

This is all to the good. A race of men and women, healthy, virile, adventurous, facing a new world and its problems, is a fine prospect, so long as they avoid those mistakes, so numerous after the last war, when men and women plunged into new careers without sufficient knowledge of their ability to fulfil the particular rôle.

It is not too early to talk of the future. Decisions which affect a whole lifetime cannot be taken in a hurry. None of us knows exactly what the new world may be like, but we can guess at its outline. We can visualise the careers that will offer and toy with the fascinating speculation: "Which one is for me?"

Plenty of those who have plumped for an outdoor life will be thinking of farming as an outlet for the future. Admittedly farming is one of the most satisfying and dignified forms of human endeavour.

There is also another side of the picture. Farming is laborious work and only picturesque when it is well established and thoroughly successful. Farmers work when most normal human beings are taking their leisure, and their careers are fraught with hazards that only the English climate could produce.

It seems simple enough to buy a pretty house in the middle of some fields, to sow crops and distribute cattle among the fields and wait until, in the course of Nature's beneficence, they flourish and increase. Actually it is a great deal more difficult than that.

Farming is a highly-skilled business. Stock costs a great deal of money and ties up a farmer's capital in an investment hardly less hazardous than the weather itself. Competitive farming can only be done with the most modern implements; these are costly. You become a successful farmer either by virtue of years of steady endeavour or because you are in the fortunate position of starting with a sufficient capital outlay.

On the other hand, there is the undoubted fact that farming promises to take on a new lease of life.

We have proved in this war to be self-supporting to an important degree. We have also learned, to our cost, that the pre-war decline of the agricultural industry is a reproach and a menace to national life. There is need for farmers of ability and imagination to reconstruct an industry that was once this country's glory.

If you like manual work and strong smells, and the cold gnawing into your fingers on winter dawns; if you want the glory of open skies over your head and the thrill of growing things at your feet, there is a future in farming, perhaps as a pupil at first and later as the king of your own soil. If you have the money, you can learn your trade at an agricultural college. The secrets of Nature are not written in one book, however, but in many, and the greatest of them are not written at all, but lay in the deep recesses of experience.

FLYING

Nobody can look ahead to the developments of peace without realising that flying must offer one of the most exciting and promising careers for men and for women after the war.

British Overseas Airways Corporation, which you used to know as Imperial Airways, and which is now a Government-controlled, non-profit-making concern, promises to be the big air concern of the future.

To-day, in ways very little known to the public, this organisation is flying transport 'planes to the remotest corners of the globe. Little can be said of its achievements at present except this: that plans are already laid to erect upon the foundations of the present service a

Those who are planning a new start when peace comes should make certain that the work they dream of is, in practice, the work that fits their abilities

peacetime air transport service which will make a visit to Chicago or Moscow as trifling an undertaking as a day in Birmingham. British Overseas Airways have planned a world bus service after the war.

The chances for men and women are obvious.

For instance, there will be women traffic clerks at airports, both in this country and in many places abroad. That is a fascinating job for a start. Issuing tickets to every corner of the world, fixing *visa* and passports, planning itineraries, generally smoothing the path of the business men and women who are in a hurry to get across the face of the earth is a pretty nice job.

Draughtswomen, coding and ciphering experts will all be needed. There will be Airways Rest Houses in remote corners of the world, where women are to be employed in all capacities.

Of actual long-distance piloting jobs the plans seem to include only men, but there is good promise that in the inter-station air services women pilots will be employed as they are to-day in the ferry services.

Here are jobs that call for youth and poise, and promise an outlet for the adventurous spirit which the war has unleashed. Flying is the big news of the future and, in the sense of employment, the big opportunity.

With people who are seeking a change of employment, shopkeeping of one kind or another has always held a very strong appeal. The fascinations are plain enough.

The prospect of being your own master or mistress is pleasing enough in the business sense. What you have also to keep in mind is that the responsibilities of ownership are all yours as well.

If you are working for an employer and the profits are going down, the chances are that your salary will continue. The anxieties and the losses belong to the owner from the word "Go."

The delights of going off for an annual holiday and leaving somebody else to cope; the advantage of closing your desk or locking up somebody else's shop at closing-time and utterly forgetting it while you pursue your own affairs must be remembered. Owners can seldom do these things in the initial stages of business development. The path to success as a shopkeeper is rough and stony. You need also a particular sort of temperament.

Daily and hourly contact with all kinds of people is a test of your endurance and sense of humour.

Over a shop-counter, whether you are serving a beefsteak or a row of pearls, you see human nature as it is, unadorned and frequently unpleasant. If you are a tolerant, tactful and mixable sort of person; if you are aware of the pitfalls of shopkeeping and also know something about your merchandise, then life behind a counter may prove the ideal existence for you.

Most certainly there is need for people of imagination and initiative as shopkeepers in the New World.

Imagine the inexpensive furniture shop, for instance, where women can get really expert and reliable advice on their personal problems of interior decoration, as well as the things to carry out their plans. Picture the success of a florist—not the swank kind—where some clever woman will not only sell you a bunch of flowers, but, every day, devises specimen flower treatments for her clients and advises the blending of colours and the use of vases.

Think of the possibilities for dress shops where there is a first-rate advice bureau, food shops where you can consult a cookery expert when you wish. Doesn't it open up a fascinating vista for women who have the courage and the imagination to break new ground?

Hotel-keeping is a business that beckons to many married couples whose minds are set against returning after the war to the old humdrum routine.

Again, this is a business which, on the face of it, looks easy but, in fact, is highly skilled. Just the same, a man who is prepared to go thoroughly into the technique of his business, possibly to serve in the capacity of a pupil under an experienced hotel-keeper until he has mastered the fundamentals, has a remunerative career before him.

The sociable qualities are indispensable. The assistance of a wife who has a talent for catering, an ability to control and select staff, is invaluable.

Home life practically ceases to exist for the hotel-keeper and his wife, but for a couple who are undismayed by the prospect of seldom putting their feet upon their own fender, and are prepared to work when most other people play, it is a full life and a gay one.

FIRST AID CORNER

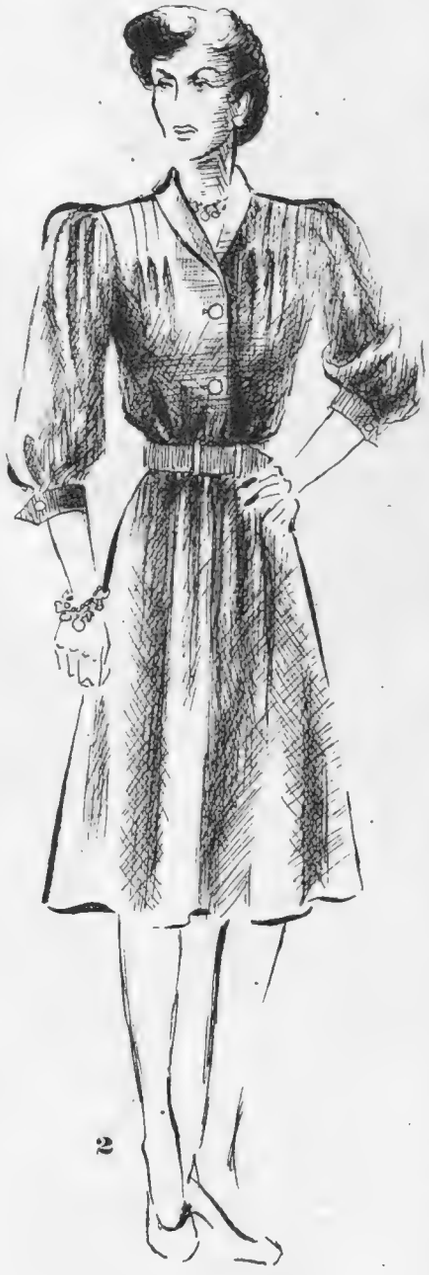
First-aid principles are designed as a stop-gap between the moment of injury and the arrival of more competent aid.

If you are unable to take a course of first aid, at least acquaint yourself with the fundamentals. Somebody's life may depend upon your knowledge of such things as the following:

1. Never give an unconscious person brandy, nor, for that matter, anything by the mouth. When the reflexes of the throat are temporarily suspended, as they are in unconsciousness, the patient may choke to death by taking liquid.
2. Hæmorrhage is the thing that kills most rapidly. A copious flow of blood must be dealt with before anything else. If you have two casualties, base your estimate of the relative seriousness of the cases upon the extent of the bleeding.
3. Stop bleeding by pressing upon the wound with a clean dressing. If you haven't anything else suitable, tear up the patient's clothes. If bleeding persists, improvise a tourniquet, but remember that these are dangerous, and must be released every ten minutes. The patient must never pass out of your hands without some conspicuous indication that he is wearing a tourniquet.
4. Never attempt to move a badly-injured person alone. Get two or more people to help. Injuries can be severely complicated by handling. It is practically impossible bodily to transport or to lift a helpless casualty by oneself without inflicting further injury.
5. Remember that people die of shock as frequently as from any other cause. The condition must be assumed, as symptoms are not always obvious. Keep warm, handle gently, give plenty of liquids if the patient is conscious, and as far as possible, create an atmosphere of assurance.
6. Refrain from putting grease on burns and remember that the greatest danger to life is from shock. A solution of bi-carbonate of soda and water, in the proportion of one dessert-spoonful to a pint, swabbed on to the burns is effective.

IF YOU WERE STARTING FROM SCRATCH you could go all the year round, for several years, in the clothes outlined below. A big coat, wool dress, suit, cardigan, odd skirt, two blouses, two sweaters, a silk dress. And, if you chose colours wisely, watched personal grooming, you would be well dressed in the new austere, clean-cut style of the day. No attention has been given here to heat-wave clothes, on account of coupons being the way they are, and hot days being the way they are. But a linen-type dress, a plain, short-sleeved silk dress, a short-sleeved woollen dress, are wise buys at any time, versatile and enduring.

1



2

1. Herring-bone Cumberland homespun coat, exploiting flat-pleating detail on shoulder, selvedge edging on collar, revers and pocket. A back centre seam opens with a kick pleat, a half-belt shapes the waist. In green, blue or black. Simpson's. £18 5 6.

2. Woollen shirt-waist frock, with a dressy look expressed in all-round blousing, fullish three-quarter sleeves, stitched cuffs and belt, flattering roll collar. In wine, turquoise, navy, black and brown. Jaeger. £9 16 2.

3. Ribbed-wool sweater, the rib narrowing at waist and cuff. Dusty pink, turquoise, wine, powder-blue, cherry, emerald, navy, nigger. Dickins and Jones. 12/10.

4. Brushed-wool cardigan, with bone buttons, unbrushed-wool edges and pocket. Wine, sky, rust, clover, scarlet, nigger, navy. Dickins and Jones. £1 6 2.

5. A honey-beige felt animated with one dashing quill, beige splashed with brown. Erik.

6. The indispensable odd skirt, slim-fitting at hips, with three godet pleats front and back. Grey, nigger, black, navy, scarlet, wine. Jaeger. £5 19 9.

7. Angora mixture tailored sweater, with high neck, close waist, two little pockets. Cherry, mist-blue, flannel-grey, wine, tan, nigger. Dickins and Jones. 43/5.

8. Rayon afternoon dress, with gathered-yoke detail, a high throat and inverted, unpressed gores at front of skirt. The back of neck fastens with five little buttons. Powder-blue, red, turquoise, black. Dickins and Jones. £4 12 0

9. One of a collection of twelve lovely blouses, this is art crepe suzette in pastel shades, with a dear little frilled collar, full bishop sleeves, little buttons right down the back. Dickins and Jones. £3 15 7.

10. Wool jersey overblouse, cleanly tailored, made in colours to merge with the suit next door. Jaeger. 69/5.

11. Suit in grey tweed with pink and yellow overcheck (also other checks) and plain, dark colours. The skirt is cut on the same lines as the odd skirt above. The jacket has an easy fit, high revers, two roomy pockets. Jaeger. £18 0 0.

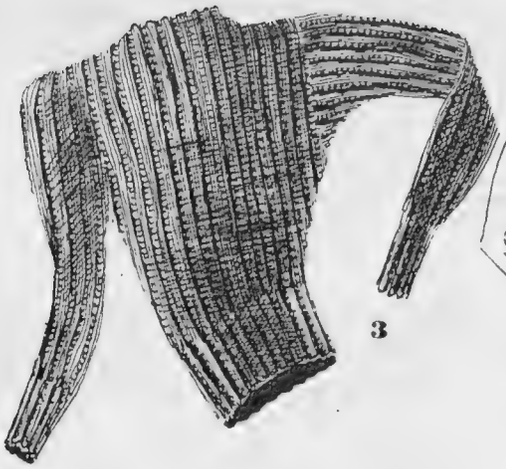
12. Maytime, a suede-and-calf utility court shoe, with punch detail. Black, brown and navy. 27/9.

13. Roger, Dutch boy utility laced shoe, in navy, black and brown suede. 26/3.

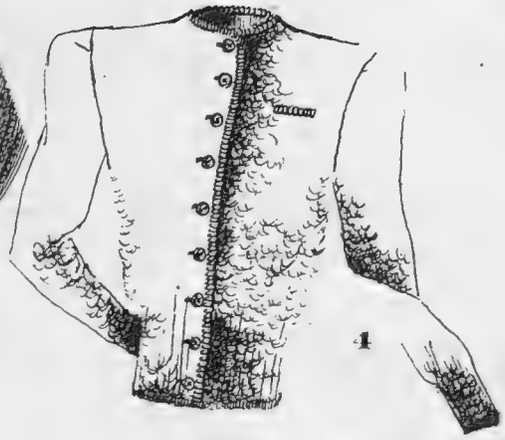
14. Walking shoe in black, brown, ice-blue, wine and navy calf, trimmed with brightly-coloured stitching. 37/6. All from Dolcis.

DRESS:

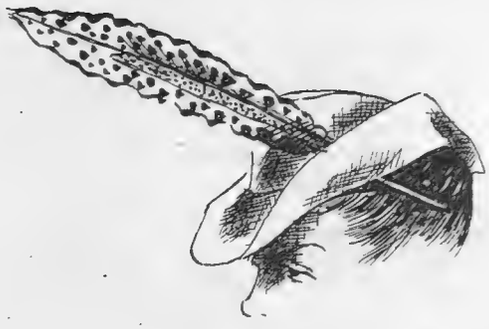
By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department



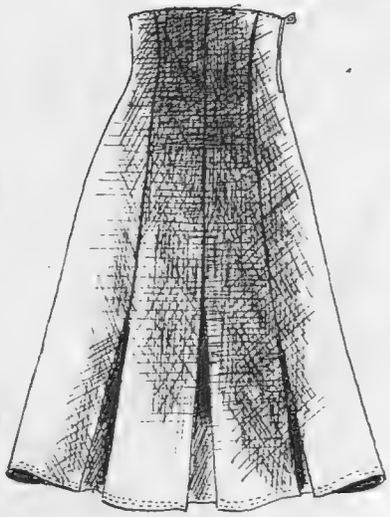
3



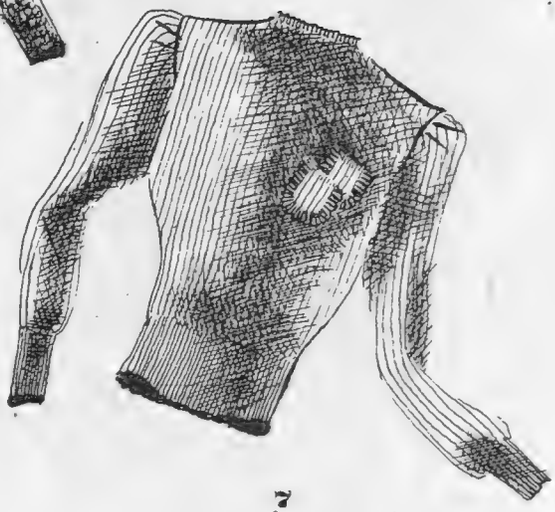
4



5

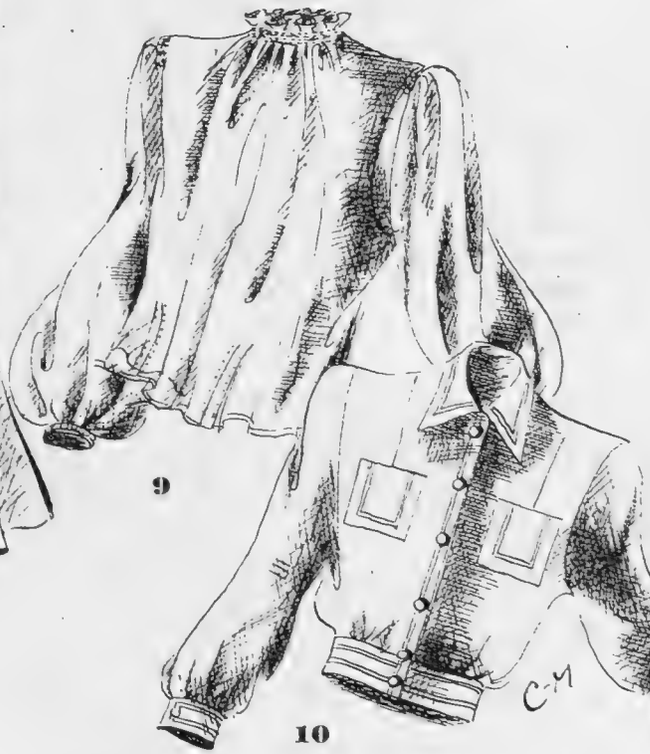


6

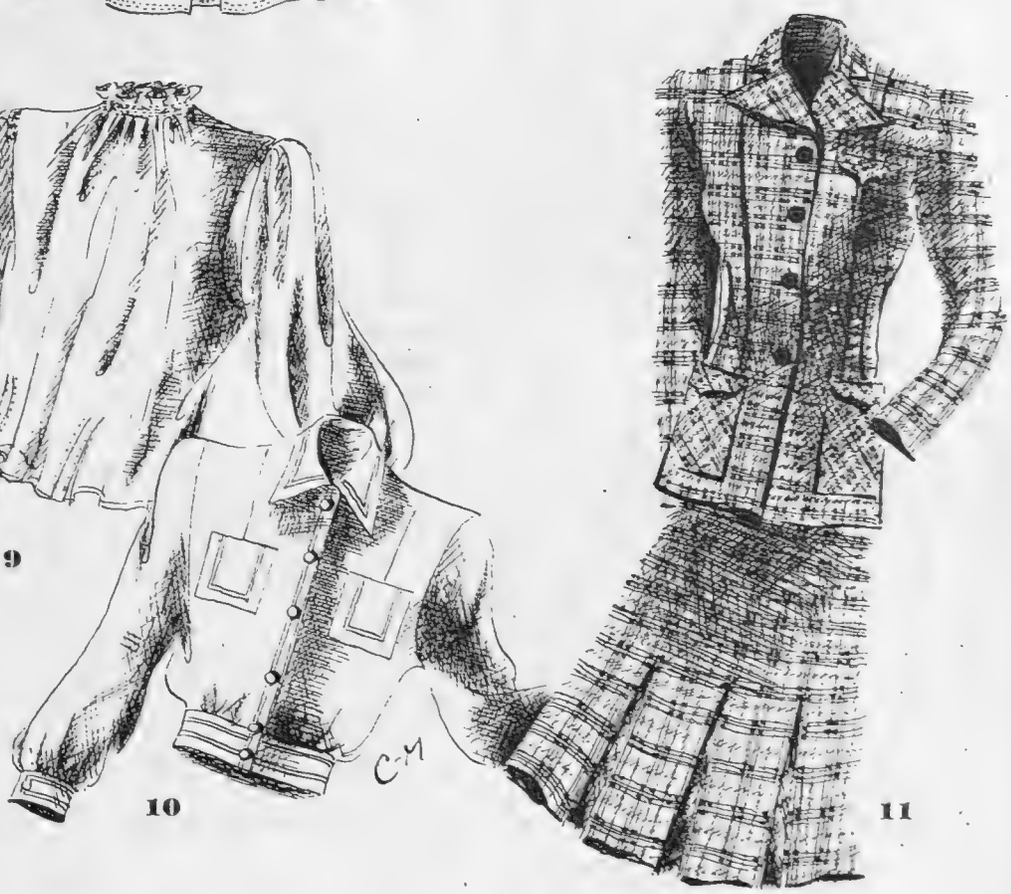


7

8



9



10

11

12

13

14

RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism can be chronic or acute. It can appear as a sudden attack of rheumatic fever—in which case the doctor must be called, and therefore there is less danger of neglect—it can start with a violent agony in the lumbar region of the back—lumbago—and literally catch, and keep, you bending, until you get into bed and stay there; or it can begin as a niggling pain that frays your nerves, saps your energies and ruins your days and nights.

That is the most dangerous form, because so many people suffer from it, and endure it, until it becomes chronic or develops into misshapening arthritis.

If the organism which causes rheumatism were a defined personality in the annals of the medical world, it could be defeated. As it is, we only know that it is encouraged by cold and damp, that it frequently goes hand-in-hand with constipation, that septic conditions of the teeth, tonsils or colon can produce the poisons that will start the condition.

The minute you feel the fingers of rheumatism on your bones and muscles, throttling your agility, curbing your elasticity, and preventing you from touching your toes, you must start treatment and clear your system of excessive acids and poisons which cause the condition

The first concern in an acute attack is immediate relief. Go to bed in a warm, dry bed, between woollen blankets rather than sheets, and have complete relaxation of the affected part. Then get someone to apply heat to the part of the body or limb in pain. This can be done with hot-water bottles; a friction-rub with oil of wintergreen; antiphlogistine, or a linseed poultice.

Make the poultice in a heated bowl with a heated spoon, a little boiling water and some linseed meal; sprinkle the meal into the boiling water and mix well. Then spread the mixture on to lint or muslin, cover with a layer of cotton wool, and, after testing on the back of the hand to be sure it will not burn, apply and bandage it on the aching part. Renew every three or four hours.

When the poultice is on, take aspirin. You should find the attack weakening, and gradually you will feel relief.

But when the agony has gone, do not breathe a heavy sigh and assume that you have conquered rheumatism. You have merely gained respite. Now you must rid your body of the conditions and organisms that cause the disease.

As with so many complaints of the human body, the first essential is to make certain that you have a complete clearance every day. A small dose of mineral salts each morning in hot water will assist, and is beneficial to the condition—drink four or five glasses of water each day between meals; have occasional colonic irrigation; eat salads for lunch, and vegetables and stewed or raw fruits in the evening; in fact, the diet for constipation is the one that is most helpful in curing rheumatism, with, of course, certain special additions.

Health By Chrysis

When you are certain that your body is getting rid of all waste matter and eliminating the dangers of a toxic blood condition by not allowing food toxins to get into the blood, you have taken an important step.

Next, get your doctor to search out any septic condition of teeth, tonsils or colon, and thus remove any dangers of these poisons getting into the system.

Get your doctor or health specialist to study your condition and prescribe a suitable diet.

It is impossible to give a diet for rheumatism that will suit everyone—there are certain outstanding laws, such as the avoidance of meats and starches and sugars; tea, coffee and alcohol are bad if taken in excess, or, if the rheumatism is advanced, if taken at all; celery water should be drunk between meals; biscuits, cakes and similar starch and sugar foods should be avoided.

Don't ask a doctor for a diet for a rheumatic condition unless he is a diet specialist who is sure that you can be cured by such a diet. A dietician will, or should, study you and your individual needs and advise you accordingly.

WISE EYES . . .

Here is your eye routine for the next few months, when early black-outs, light-saving and night work will strain your eyes to the utmost. You will need one small tube of Golden Eye Ointment, two eye-baths, one for each eye, eye-lotion or a bottle of home-made boracic-acid-powder lotion (a teaspoonful to a pint of water). In the morning, and last thing at night when you clean your teeth, make eye-bathing as regular as your tooth-cleaning. If there is any sign of extra fatigue—white flakes or redness at the base of eyelashes—apply the ointment. Do eye exercises (we shall send you these if you write and ask for them) once a day, just before you go to sleep, while you are waiting for your meal—any odd moment will do. And if you are wrinkle-conscious, apply a good eye-cream; this is still obtainable, although you may have to order and wait for it. Pads of cotton wool soaked in your lotion, quite hot and placed on the eyes, are very restful.

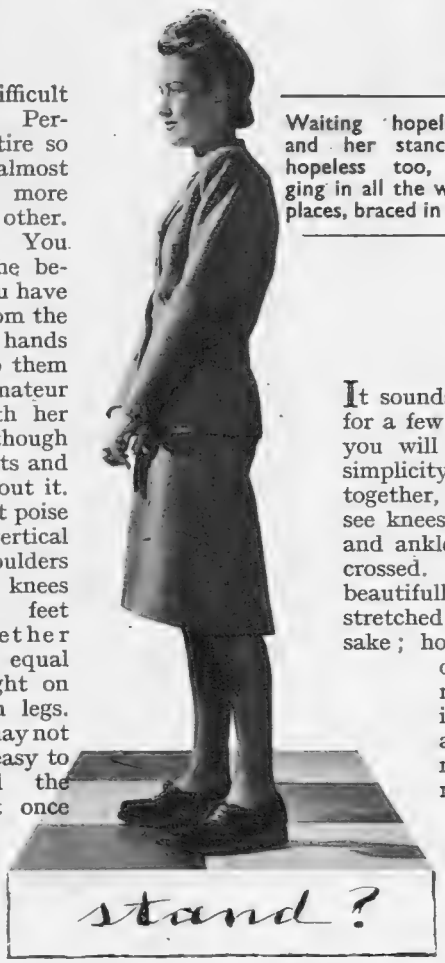
Viewing a row of women seated, or a pavementful of women walking, it is difficult to believe that deportment is included in the curriculum of the majority of girls' schools. And, considering that women are said to be observant, it is strange that so few learn grace from the lack of it in those around them. Most of us spend some time each day in front of our mirrors, embellishing our faces and arranging our hair. How many spend a moment studying the grace of usual sitting, walking or standing attitudes? Do you?

How Do You

As well as endangering the health of her spine, she looks and feels uncomfortable, and gets no rest

sit?

It sounds simple enough—and it is. But keep your eyes open for a few minutes in an hotel lounge, a bus, a tramcar or train and you will realise how few women have acquired mastery of its simplicity. It is merely a matter of keeping feet straight, ankles together, knees touching at the top of vertical legs. You will see knees touching and ankles apart with toes together; or knees and ankles apart with toes turned in; or knees apart and ankles crossed. Any variation but the right one. The art of sitting beautifully does not end at the knees. Keep your diaphragm stretched even in the more relaxed position—for your figure's sake; hold your breast up; let your arms sink on to the arms of your chair, or relax with hands in your lap. And, most important of all, sit back into your chair, fitting into it perfectly, back against back, the base of your spine against the base of the chair's back (practise in bus or tube next time you ride). It all sounds very unexciting, but make it a habit and you have won grace in the art of sitting.



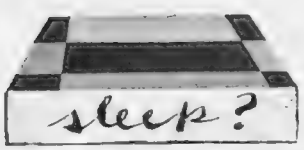
Waiting hopelessly, and her stance is hopeless too, sagging in all the wrong places, braced in none

stand?

If there is any position really difficult to keep graceful it is standing. Perhaps because one's feet or legs tire so easily in this position there is an almost irresistible temptation to carry more weight on one leg than the other. This puts the opposite hip out. You may feel sightly enough, but the beholder cannot think so. When you have nothing to hold or carry, learn from the professional actress and let your hands fall simply at your sides or clasp them in front of you—it is only the amateur who, trying to do wonders with her hands, makes them look as though they have just grown on her wrists and she doesn't know what to do about it. Standing is very simple, the truest poise being in holding a perfectly vertical position, un-tensely erect, with shoulders held back and down, chin level, knees and feet together and equal weight on both legs. It may not be easy to hold the position for long at first, but once mastered no other pose can give you more dignity.

and Beauty

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford St., W.C.1



sleep?

The embryonic position is knees under chin and body curled up like a sleeping cat—and this is the position taken by many sleepers. But whereas baby has tiny hands clasped under chin, we twine our arms over our shoulders, around our necks and all over the place, weirdly. Some boast of always lying on their stomachs; others always lie on one side or the other.

If you vary your ways of sleeping, all these are permissible, but the wisest position if you wish your figure to improve during your sleeping hours is a perfectly straight-limbed, flat-on-back, head-turned-to-one-side attitude. Arms should be straight at sides or loosely folded on your chest.

In this, all muscles, bones and joints are relaxed equally and yet elegantly, and the body resting in this perfect position of grace, for eight hours, attains further grace. If you find you cannot sleep this way continually, change to a side position occasionally, but never let side or hunched positions become your habitual mode of sleeping: that is as bad as the lying-on-back position is good.

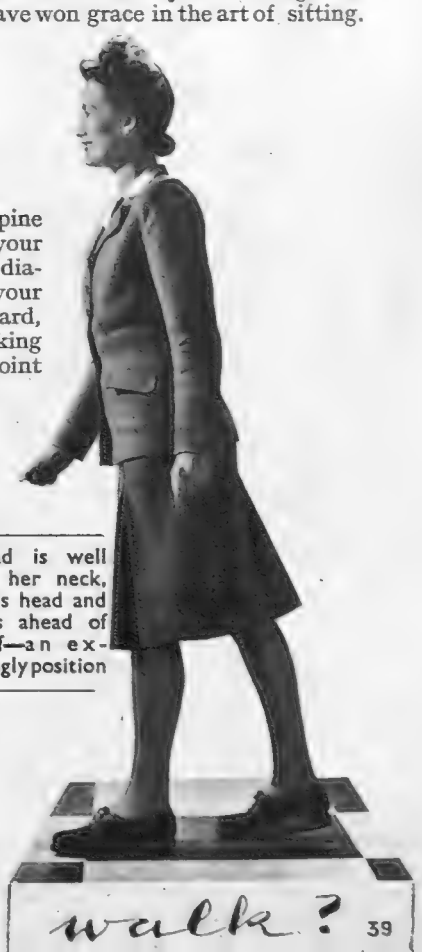
Hold your head up as though your spine continues right up to your crown; let your breast ride high on an upstretched diaphragm; stomach muscles should hold your stomach in while hip bones press forward, giving your pelvis a forward tilt and tucking your tail in behind you. Toes must point straight ahead.

Having got the correct posture for walking, get the correct gait. Make your steps just medium length; do not let low heels win you into a long, mannish stride—it is ungainly and lacks balance.

The most common error is for the tail to be pushed out at the back, owing to hip-bones being too flexed, and this, as well as being the commonest, is the most ungainly of all walking faults. Sometimes it is accompanied by a forward bend of the body at the waist so that the head is always a few inches in advance.

Another fault is shoulders up and forward, hiding the breast.

It is difficult to better grandmama's walking exercise of parading with a book balanced on your head. Add to it your daily dozen habits.



Her head is well held on her neck, but she is head and shoulders ahead of herself—an extremely ugly position

walk?

YOU see this thing I 'm sucking ? Daddy calls it my pipe. I 'm very fond of it, but, between ourselves, it 's my candid opinion that you ought never to have started me off on this business. Something seems to tell me that it is piling up a lot of trouble for both of us.

When I howl—and I admit I do—it 's because I want to tell you something. Right at the start it was because I was cold. Sometimes I was thirsty. Other times I had a bit of a tummy-ache. Quite often I was bored—just frankly bored, and I wanted you to come around.

If only you had taken the trouble to understand, instead of stuffing this thing into my mouth as a stop-gap, I should never have got to like it.

They tell me that perpetual sucking is distorting the shape of my jaw. The constant artificial stimulation of gastric juices is undermining my digestion. Anyway, the thing is full of germs. I shall probably have infected tonsils and adenoids, and I 'm bound to be a heavy smoker when I grow up.

Of course, I can't say I notice any ill effects at present. Neither do you, and as it saves a lot of trouble, you are in favour of it. Later on you will learn that it would have been less trouble to have found out what I really wanted when I cried. But don't listen to me—I 'm only the baby here.

OUR Point Of View

THIS picture of me holding a cup and drinking by myself is a great favourite of mine. This is me in action, and I like action.

What I wish you would realise is that I like doing things by myself and I don't want you always fussing about and doing them for me. I wish you would give me more chances to walk by myself and put on my own shoes and use my own cup and feed myself, too.

What I complain of, though I know you mean to be kind, is that I never get the chance to practise doing things. Before I can say " Jack Robinson " you have done them for me, or else, when I 'm trying to do things myself, you laugh and say, " Oh, what a mess you are making ! " or, " Be careful now, or you 'll hurt yourself." Of course I made a mess, and of course I shall hurt myself sometimes, but don't you see that 's the only way to learn ?

I heard Daddy tell you I was backward. There 's a fine thing to hear ! " Give the boy a chance," he said. " Let him help himself and learn to do things." Of course you said Daddy was a brute and didn't understand, but I wished I could say how thoroughly I agree with him. Daddy quite often has the right ideas about these things. He knows what boys like.

Look at me with this cup. I 'm getting along fine. If a little of the milk goes down my chin it can't be helped. I drink a lot more this way than when you hold it for me, because it 's more fun. I wish you would let me help myself.

HI, you ! . . . I want to say something.

You call yourselves modern parents. You make a fetish of being casual and treating me as though I was some sort of machine that works when you touch the button.

I know you love me. Just like old-fashioned parents love their children, but you like to adopt a smart attitude which rejects sentiment. " Look at him—isn't he an ugly brat ? " you say when you introduce me to people. Nobody believes that you mean it. You *don't* mean it, so why do you say it ?

Another thing : you 've read all the books about baby care. You 've read that babies ought to be tough. Well, I dare say that 's true, but I wish you 'd remember that you can't lay down hard and fast rules for human beings. I wish you would depart from the book sometimes and just give me a little homely, lovable spoiling.

I never have any nursing. Oh, yes, I know it 's bad for me. I sleep out of doors whatever the weather, and that 's good for me, too, but I wish you could break the rules *sometimes*. You boast to everybody that you don't let your child interfere with your social activities, and I suppose that is sensible of you, but I would like to feel that you enjoy making some sacrifices for me. A sentimental mother would be very out of date, I know, but I can't help feeling that it would be very cosy.

NO NEED TO Shiver

The fuel situation, the clothing situation and other situations that we haven't even anticipated are going to make it all the more necessary to treat keeping warm as a subject that requires organisation and resource this winter.

Let us decide, first of all, what are the things that make it easy to keep warm, even when conditions are against you.

Fitness is first. The moment your body loses tone, from whatever cause, you are going to be twice as susceptible to cold.

Correct clothing is next. This seems elementary but, for all that, we are not always sensible about what to wear when it is cold.

Finally, psychology is an important factor in keeping warm. You cannot think yourself into a comfortable glow of warmth when you are frozen stiff, but none the less your mental defences against cold are important factors.

Our wartime diet is carefully and scientifically balanced to provide all the essential components required for health. The fact that our food is different, less varied and not so liberal in bulk as it used to be is unimportant. All things being equal and assuming you have not contracted some ailment from another cause, the current diet is adequate to keep you fit.

Extra fat during the hardest months of the year is a good thing in peace or war and this is available to every adult who can walk to a chemist and buy cod liver oil, halibut oil or any one of the similar patent preparations.

Further than this, fitness consists in having an adequate amount of sleep; the right kind of outdoor exercise and plenty of it; in breathing deeply (most people don't) and by thus ensuring a sufficient intake of oxygen to the blood, expelling those poisons which are the basis of all ills.

Outdoor exercise is vital. Fresh air, however cold, toughens you, stimulates the circulation, forces oxygen into the lungs and does just exactly what is required to encourage the system to generate its own warmth.

Our civilised standards have given us a distorted understanding of warmth. We have come, through long habit, to regard it as something to be acquired, whereas in fact, we should already have it within our bodies, generated and sustained by the human system. Clothing is, or was, intended to keep the natural warmth of the body *in*, not to keep the cold out.

Obviously these standards are no longer wholly applicable in our civilised conditions, but they can still be applied to a useful extent and must be so if we are to retain any contact with nature.

Make a fetish of exercise this winter. If you are a sedentary worker and cannot get sufficient walking out of doors, give ten minutes every morning and evening to exercises before an open window. It may sound cranky but it will improve your health and keep you warm when everything else fails.

Hugging a fire; shrinking from contact with the cold air outdoors; breathing overheated, under-ventilated atmospheres will slowly but surely dampen the natural fires of warmth within your body and when these cease working nothing in the form of artificial heat can keep you warm.

Sheer necessity imposed by the war has made women practical about winter clothing. The warmly lined bootees, the cosy hoods, the fur mittens which took us by storm after the first blackout winter are supremely sensible.

In the coldest weather it is not the quantity of clothing so much as the quality and the suitability to given conditions which count. Cold weather clothing should be light and never constricting. The skin must breathe.

If you have much travelling to do let your outdoor clothes be designed so that you are protected from draughts in trains and buses. Let your feet and legs be warmly covered. Woollen socks or stockings are real protection from damp and draught, and can easily be changed when you get indoors.

Everything we do towards keeping warm this winter must be designed to make the least use of fuel. If instead of using a large room you can manage with a small one, the amount of fuel consumed will be less and your own comfort increased.

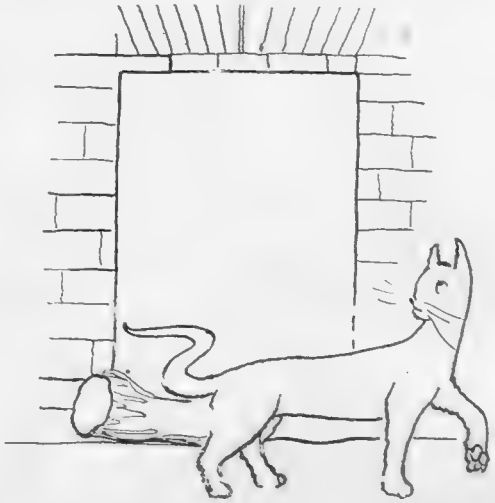
Instead of switching on the fire in your bedroom at night, undress in the warm sitting-room. Take your hot bath at night and slip into bed with a bottle to save the bedroom heater. Take less hot water in the bath because, in this way, the domestic boiler will use less fuel.

If by eating meals through the day in the kitchen you utilise the existing heating, then instead of lighting the sitting-room or dining-room fire you will be making a useful contribution to fuel economy.

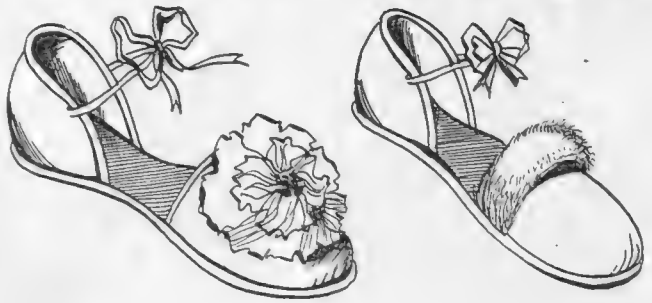
Go to bed early instead of banking up the fire again at ten o'clock. This is helpful to the fuel situation and even better for your health.

Don't let the cold get you down. Don't huddle your head into your shoulders and go around telling yourself that you are simply no good when it snows. You can be just as good as you like in the cold if you tackle it.

Stand up straight. Breathe deeply. Fight back. Put these theories into practice and prove the truth of them for yourself.



No Coupons Needed



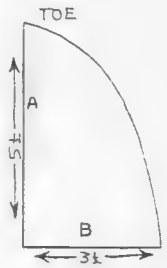


Fig. 1

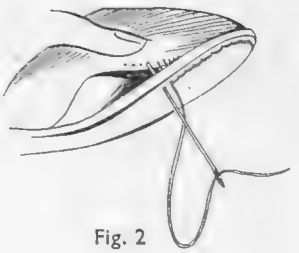


Fig. 2

Slippers can be made either from felt, which can still be obtained from the stores or an art needlework shop; from skin, from an old felt hat, or several thicknesses of material with padding, anything, in fact, that your own ingenuity suggests.

Materials required besides are mercerised cotton to match the slipper material, bookbinder's thread for attaching the tops to the soles and some strong ribbon, braid or lengths of felt to bind the edges. For the soles use a strong felt sock or cut them out from several thicknesses of felt stuck together with Seccotine.

To cut out the toe piece proceed as follows: On paper draw a vertical line 5½ ins. long (Fig. 1). Draw another 3½ ins. long at right angles from the bottom of the upright. Join the top of the vertical line with the end of the horizontal line. Cut out in paper and lay the pattern on the felt with the vertical line along the fold. Cut for two feet.

For the two backs use the toe pattern again and cut in quadruplicate. Now cut each piece of felt down the centre line "A" shown in the diagram so that the heel piece for each foot is in two sections. Join the sides "B" with a row of small running stitches. Return in the opposite direction with another row of stitches, filling in the spaces left by the first row. Press all seams, using a cloth between the iron and the material.

With a row of short running stitches, beginning about 2 ins. each side of the centre, gather in the toe a little. Similar gathering stitches should be run along the bottom edge of the back, also an inch or more each side of the centre.

Fix the two portions of the upper temporarily to the sole by a thread at the centre back and front of each. Be careful to get the centre backs and fronts in the middle of the sole in each case. Allow a ¼-in. turning for attaching the upper to the sole. Wax the bookbinder's thread before use.

Start at the centre back of the upper to attach the upper to the sole. With a strong needle and the bookbinder's thread, pass the needle through the sole and up through the upper (Fig. 2). Back-stitch right along from heel to toe and then begin at the heel again and continue to the toe on the other side.

Bind the edges of the upper and add a sock for the inside of the slipper to hide the stitches which attach the upper to the sole. The front can be decorated with a flower, as the illustration shows, or with fur. If fur is chosen it should be added before the upper is attached to the sole.

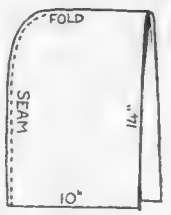


Fig. 3

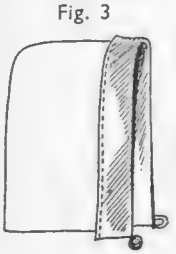
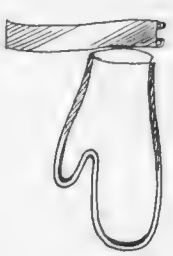


Fig. 4

Hood Make the hood and mitts to match from any old garment or any length you have of woollen or corduroy velvet material.

Cut a straight length 10 ins. wide by 28 ins. long. Fold in half and seam down one side, rounding one end to shape the crown (Fig. 3). Cut the lining of another colour 3½ ins. wider and turn back the edge (Fig. 4). Bind or sew the turned-back edge.

Fasten the hood under the chin with a button and loop. The finished hood is long enough to tuck comfortably into the neck of a coat.



Mitts Use the same materials as for the hood, using the contrasting colour for piping and wristlet bands.

To cut, place the hand on doubled material. Open the fingers slightly and the thumb very wide. Trace round the hand with chalk, leaving ¾ in. for turning. Cut out.

For piping, cut crossway strips of the contrasting material 1 in. wide. Pipe the seams of the mitts with this and machine all round.

To make the wrist bands cut double strips of the contrasting material 2 ins. wide and a little larger than wrist measurement. Join to the top of the mitts, leaving an opening at the outside seam. Fasten with two small buttons and loops.

Tired of Housekeeping?

Housekeeping in wartime is no walk-over. It takes your patience and skill and most of your time, and then the result is not always what you would wish it to be.

Women at home have their privileges as well as others, and one of them is to grouse a bit. When you have had an overdose of queueing and the weekly joint has developed shrinking disease, a good healthy moan is the only possible compensation. After that, if you are a well-balanced sort of person, you grin at yourself and start counting the blessings. There are some.

You can always cheer yourself up with the reflection that you are lucky to be in your own home at all. That goes without saying and still leaves quite a number of things about housekeeping to-day that we shall look back upon without regret when the final balance is cast.

To begin with, most of us will be better housekeepers than ever before. The mere fact that we have had to concentrate so continuously on the problems of supply and on making silk purses out of pigs' ears is a guarantee of that.

People who never had to practice economy very seriously know all about it now. In times when money won't always buy what you want that experience comes uninvited.

Most of us had inflated ideas about food that war conditions have adjusted once and for all. Cooking with butter; using four eggs in a cake; never having less than three kinds of cake on the tea table; menacing our digestions and blunting our appetites with cocktail snacks. These excessive indulgences were also costly. I'm not saying they weren't nice.

An analysis would certainly show that, before the war, the greater part of the food served at the average table was mass produced. Food out of tins, shop cakes, tinned vegetables. Women were even getting too tired to make their own pastry, but bought it in the rough just ready to bake.

To-day, we bake our own cakes when we can. We use as many fresh vegetables from the garden as we can. Thirty-two points for a tin of salmon makes you think before you serve up this easy, not particularly sustaining, though admittedly attractive meal.

This may not be very convincing at a time when you would give anything just to be able to indulge these luxuries again. Who wouldn't? Just the same you *are* a better housekeeper for having learned to do without them.

Here is another point: Once you thought you had to repaper the walls and buy new covers for the chairs as often as the spirit moved you. If your husband said you couldn't afford it you only had to put on an act for a few days and before he could calculate his balance at the bank, the decorators were in. Now the walls are distempered by your own hands and the old curtains are facing it out in the new colour acquired at the dyers. But in your secret heart you are aware that you haven't lost anything vital by it; that your home is just as dear to you.

Housekeeping is a big job to-day. Once you simply had to make the family comfortable. Now you are in charge of that as well as the task of helping your country, making things go round, keeping up morale, attending to the salvage, finding time when you can for helping along the war effort in other ways.

Go on making capital out of wartime housekeeping. When your spirits are flagging have your little moan and start afresh. Try some new experiments. See what money you can save on next week's budget. Invest it in victory. Try, by improving your daily routine, to knock off an hour or more of your working time. Use it to develop some new, some useful interest. Get your friends into the same frame of mind. Co-operate in your efforts. These friendly combinations add up to big things.

Not the least satisfying result of your new preoccupation will be that there is no time to be tired of housekeeping.

Then Try These

1. **Make out a time schedule that reduces your working hours in the home and gives you time off to take up a fresh interest outside. You need a new interest to restore your balance.**
2. **Make a list of the tasks that you most dislike. Tackle them in a new way or, if possible, cut them out. In any case refuse to let them go on irritating your temper and infecting all your routine with discontent. Get at them, and if you can't dispense with them, improve them.**
3. **Try regular consultation with your friends. Get together with other women and hold a board of inquiry about shopping methods, about house routine and cookery. Exchange news and ideas, combine in shopping. Form a union of housewives. You can help each other by pooling ideas and resources.**
4. **Put away all the silver except what you actually need for day to day use. Shut up spare rooms and dispose of inessentials both in furnishing, decoration and actual routine. Reduce your home to a smooth-working down-to-minimum organisation. Abandon old standards if necessary and pledge yourself to one hundred per cent efficiency in what is left.**

Try giving the daily dose of cod-liver oil mixed with cooked mashed potato.

When cereals are short, alternate with a "Swiss breakfast dish".—4 oz. rolled oats, 4 tablespoonfuls milk, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, and a few chopped raisins. Soak the oats overnight in barely enough water to cover, and in the morning stir up with the milk and other ingredients and serve cold.

Bread raspings are liked by children of all ages. When the oven is in use, bake odds and ends of bread until pale biscuit colour and crisped through, and crush under the rolling pin or through the mincer. They should be about the size of grape stones. Serve with milk and sugar. Or put a couple of tablespoonfuls in a bowl, add a spoonful of jam, syrup or honey in the centre, and pour a cupful of hot milk over the lot.

Each child over two years old should have the full meat and cheese ration, the cheese to be either raw or cooked.

Cookery Pages

By Harriet Muir

ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN

Fried Prunes on Toast

Bread Raspings with Jam

Quantities are for one child, except where otherwise stated.

GRILLED FISH CAKES

1 tablespoonful cooked cod; 1 tablespoonful cooked potatoes;
1 tablespoonful soaked bread; 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley;
Pepper and salt.

Squeeze the bread to remove moisture, and mix all ingredients together, adding pepper and salt. Shape into cakes, roll in browned breadcrumbs and bake or grill.

STEWED MINCE OR LIVER

1½ oz. mince or minced liver; Salt and pepper;
Stock, water or vegetable water; 1 teaspoonful oatmeal;
Browning.

Put meal and oatmeal into a pan and add enough stock or water to cover. Simmer gently until tender, and add seasoning and browning.

CHEESE PUDDING

1 slice soaked bread; Knob of margarine;
¾ oz. cheese; Salt and pepper.

Squeeze out the bread and milk with cheese and seasoning. Put into a greased dish, dot with margarine and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

STEWED MUTTON

2 oz. mutton (can be cut raw from the household joint); 1 oz. cooked haricot beans;
2 oz. sliced carrot and swede;
Salt and pepper.

Cut up meat, carrot and swede and put all, including beans, into a pan. Cover with cold water, add salt and pepper, and bring to the boil. Simmer until tender (about one hour). If you want to thicken the stew use a little wheatmeal flour blended to a smooth paste with cold water.

STUFFED POTATOES (for four)

4 baked potatoes; Milk;
1 oz. bacon; Pepper and salt;
1 tablespoonful breadcrumbs; Margarine.

Chop the bacon and fry for a few minutes. Scoop out some of the potato flesh and put into the frying pan. Stir in the breadcrumbs. All the fat will now be absorbed, so moisten with a little milk. Stuff the potatoes with the mixture, dab each with margarine and bake again until browned.

CHOCOLATE JUNKET

½ pint milk; 1 teaspoonful sugar;
½ teaspoonful rennet; ½ teaspoonful cocoa powder.

Warm milk to blood heat and mix in cocoa. Pour into the serving dish, stir in the rennet and sugar and leave in a warm place to set.

RUSK TRIFLE

2 wheatmeal rusks; 1 teaspoonful jam;
¼ pint custard.

Crush up the rusks and mix with jam. Put into the bottom of a dish, pour the custard over and allow to set.

SOYA SCONES (eight scones)

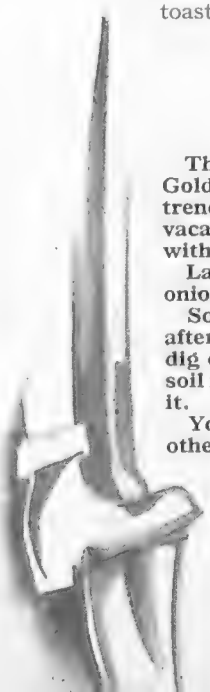
3 oz. flour; 1 teaspoonful baking powder;
1 oz. soya flour; ½ oz. sugar;
1 gill milk and water.

Mix all dry ingredients together and make into a soft dough with the milk. Roll to ½-inch thickness, cut into rounds, and bake eight to ten minutes in a hot oven.

BREAKFAST PRUNES (for four)

16 cooked, sweetened prunes; 4 slices toast;
Bacon or sausage fat.

Have the fat very hot, fry the prunes in it and serve on hot toast.



Spade

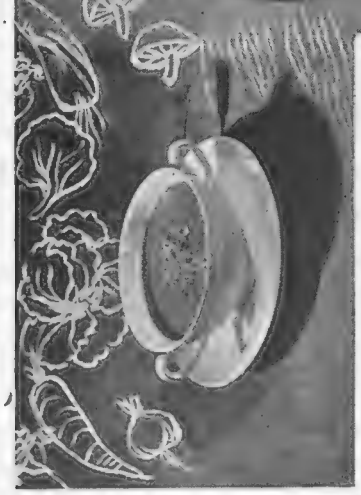
This month the digging season starts with a swing. Golden rule for gardeners is to get well ahead with trenching, digging and manuring all ground as it falls vacant, and now is the time to make a good beginning with the winter's work.

Last month you will have completed the lifting of the onion crop. Tackle the ground now.

Some people like to keep the same bed for onions year after year. If you do this, your work now will be to dig one spit deep, manuring as you go along. Leave the soil rough so that frost can do its good work in pulverising it.

You may, on the other hand, wish to use the ground for other purposes, for it is not a bit necessary to keep a bed reserved for onions. In this case the onion bed will be a useful spot for planting out spring cabbages, and it should be forked over lightly, not dug, for this crop. A scattering of lime on the surface before you fork is a good idea; cabbages, like the other brassicas, like it.

Potatoes still in the ground must be lifted now; this is an absolute "must," as they may rot in the



Soup Without a Stock-pot

You can't always get bones, and most certainly you can't have a stove switched on for four or five hours just to make soup. So the stock-pot, that rich, meaty brew which used to simmer merrily along from day to day in the pre-war kitchen, has had to go out of culinary fashion.

A great advantage of a vegetable soup is that it can be knocked up in half an hour or less.

You needn't use stock at all; water will do. But a better basis for soup is vegetable stock—that is, the water in which rice has been boiled.

If you happen to have bones, add them to the soup while cooking, giving a little longer to boil than usual, and remove them just before serving. Bacon rinds and scraps of meat or giblets can go into the soup too.

If you can spare the fat, fry chopped vegetables, and bones too, before adding to the soup. This isn't essential, however, it merely adds flavour.

A useful guide is to allow 1 pint of liquid to 1 lb. of vegetables; 1 quart of liquid to ¼ lb. peas, beans, or lentils.

To thicken the soup, add rice, barley, oatmeal, cornflour, flour, breadcrumbs. Here the rule-of-thumb is 1 oz. flour, barley or oatmeal to 1 quart of soup.

Grate a little raw beetroot into a vegetable soup if you want a splash of colour.

Even the dullest and most ordinary soup can be made interesting by the last-minute addition of herbs. Chopped celery tops, watercress or sorrel, parsley or chervil, will make just that difference. And to make a really nourishing dish, scatter in generous spoonfuls of grated cheese, or put the grated cheese on the table so that each person can help himself.

Other additions which make a dish of soup a really hearty meal include fried cubes of bread or toast, noodles, dumplings, or toasted cheese or bread.

SIMPLEST-OF-ALL SOUP

Mixed vegetables (about 1 lb.)—shredded cabbage, lettuce or spinach, diced or grated carrot, turnip, celery, potato; chopped onion or spring onion;
1 quart boiling vegetable stock or water;
Salt and pepper;
½ oz. fat (optional);
Grated cheese (2 tablespoonfuls);
Chopped parsley.

Put dripping in pan and when hot lightly fry onion in it. Add the other vegetables and toss lightly. Pour on the boiling liquid and simmer until vegetables are soft (about fifteen minutes). Season to taste. Just before serving add grated cheese and chopped parsley.

MUSHROOM SOUP

¼ lb. mushrooms;
1 pint household milk;
1 tablespoonful cornflour;
Little margarine;
Pepper and salt.

Boil mushrooms gently till soft in 1 pint water. Rub through a sieve and return all to pan; bring to the boil again.

Blend cornflour with a little milk and add, together with the rest of the milk, the margarine and seasoning. Cook slowly until thick. If liked, add a few more cooked mushrooms, neatly, chopped, just before serving.

FISH SOUP

Bones and trimmings of fish, or shell of lobster;
1 carrot;
1 onion;
Parsley;
½ oz. fat;
½ oz. flour;
Parsley;
Peppercorns;
Salt and pepper.

Put fish on to boil in 1 quart water, the carrot and onion (sliced), 8 peppercorns, and the stalks from the parsley. Season and simmer for thirty to forty minutes. Strain.

Melt margarine and stir in flour. Cook a few minutes and pour in the hot fish liquid. Simmer till it thickens and add plenty of chopped parsley before serving.

CAULIFLOWER SOUP WITH CHEESE

1 medium-sized cauliflower;
1 oz. ground rice or cornflour;
1 pint household milk;
Salt and pepper;
2 good tablespoons grated cheese.

Cook the cauliflower in boiling salted water. When done, drain, saving the liquor. Rub the cauliflower through a sieve and return to the pan with 1½ pints of the liquid. Make hot, season and simmer for ten minutes. Mix cornflour to a paste with a little cold water and add. Stir until thick. Add the milk, correct seasoning and serve very hot, scattering in the cheese at the end of cooking.

POTATO AND WATERCRESS SOUP

2 lb. potatoes;
2 large bunches watercress;
½ pint household milk;
1 quart water or vegetable stock;
Little margarine;
Pepper and salt.

Peel and dice the potatoes and cook in the stock. Add the washed, chopped watercress, cook together about ten minutes and rub through the sieve.

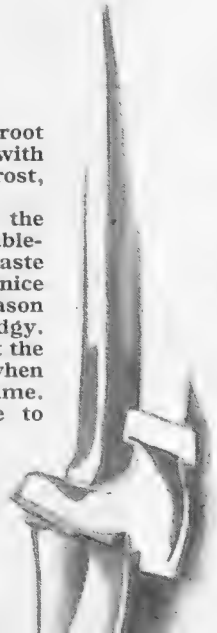
Pour liquid back into saucepan; add margarine and milk, and season to taste. Bring to the boil again and serve.

Work

clamp if they are lifted too late. In fact, every root crop—carrots, turnips, beetroots, artichokes—with the exception of parsnips, which thrive in frost, should be harvested and sorted this month.

Having disposed of your spring cabbages on the onion bed, you can get down to the job of double-digging all this vacant ground, burying all the waste leaves and rubbish deep down so that it will be nice and fruity by the time the spring sowing season comes round. Leave the surface rough and ridgy. Make up your mind where you are going to put the peas and beans next year, and manure that bit when you dig. The rest you might dress with lime. But on no account apply manure and lime to the same plot of ground at the same time. They fight and neutralise each other's benefits.

It is a great bore to have to think thus far ahead, but after painful experience of doubt and worry about where to put this and that crop, I do recommend a study of the Ministry of Agriculture's cropping plan, set out in Number One of a new Dig For Victory Leaflet.



Sit up and look Pretty in Pink with Plum Ribbon

MATERIALS

6 oz. Sirdar Super Shetland, 2-ply, pink; No. 9 and No. 11 needles; 2 yd. plum ribbon; medium crochet hook; 2 balls of fine elastic thread.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 36 ins. (to fit a smaller figure loosely); length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 20 ins. (allowing 2 ins. for pouch). Tension: 7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 9 needles, cast on 134 sts. Work moss st. for 1 in. Now work following patt.:

1st row.—K. 5 (k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8) 6 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2 tog., w.fd. (k. 8, w.fd., k. 2 tog.) 6 times, k. 5.

2nd row.—P. 5 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 6 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 2 tog. (p. 8, w.r.n., p. 2 tog.) 6 times, p. 5.

3rd row.—K. 4 (k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8) 6 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2 (w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8) 6 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 4.

4th row.—P. 4 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 6 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 2 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 6 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 4.

5th row.—K. 3 (k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8) 6 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 4, (w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8) 6 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 3.

6th row.—P. 3 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 6 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 4 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 6 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 3.

7th row.—K. 2 (k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8) 6 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 6 (w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8) 6 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 2.

8th row.—P. 2 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 6 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 6 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 6 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 2.

9th row.—K. 1 (k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8) 6 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8 (w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8) 6 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 1.

10th row.—P. 1 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 6 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 6 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 1.

11th row.—(K. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8) 6 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 10 (w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8) 6 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog.

12th row.—P. 10 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 5 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 10 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 5 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 10.

13th row.—K. 9 (k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8) 5 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 12 (w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8) 5 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 9.

14th row.—P. 9 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 5 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 12 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 5 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 9.

15th row.—K. 8 (k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8) 5 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 14 (w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8) 5 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8.

16th row.—P. 8 (Continued on page 64)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; sl. = slip; sts. stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; w.fd. wool forward; w.r.n. = wool round needle; d.c. = double crochet; patt. = pattern; rep. = repeat; ins. = inches.

The Vest is Snug and Cosy; likewise the Pants

MATERIALS

8 oz. La Laine 3-ply wool; No. 9, No. 11 and No. 13 needles; 2 yd. bias binding.

MEASUREMENTS

(Intended to fit a larger figure snugly.)

VEST

Round bust, 32 ins.; hips, 34 ins.; length (at side), 19 ins.

PANTS

Length (at side), 19 ins.; widest width, 36 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE VEST (front)

With No. 9 needles, cast on 120 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 1½ ins. Change to st.st. and work 3 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 92 sts. Change to No. 11 needles and k. 2, p. 2 rib and work until there are 16 ins. from casting-on up side seam. Change to No. 9 needles and work a row all k. (with k. side of st.st. towards you), as follows:

K. 6, * k. twice into next st., k. 3, rep. from * to end, ending k. 9 (making 112 sts.).

Work in st.st. for 1 in., ending p.

Now start lace patt. as follows: k. 1, * k. 2 tog., w.fd.; rep. from * all along row, ending k. 1.

2nd row.—P. 2, * p. 2 tog., w.fd., p. 5; rep. from * ending p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 3.

3rd row.—K. 3, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 5; rep. from * to end, ending k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2.

Rep. these last 2 rows 3 more times. Now work 2nd row once again. Now work 1st row again, thus completing the squares. Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row, and p. 12, * p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 5, p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 5, p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 5, p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 9. Leave other sts. on holder until later, and continue on these 44 sts., working st.st. with 3 squares at centre, and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row.

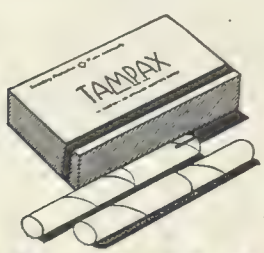
When the 3 squares are complete, work 1 square at centre of the 3, and continue dec. After the centre square has been worked, continue in st.st., dec. at armhole edge on every row and at neck edge on every other row until there are 11 sts. Now dec. at beg. and end of every row until there are no sts. left. Cast off 12 sts. at (Continued on page 64)

Lucky the lady who alights on this Harella Utility! It's a coupon-saver — only costs 15 because the cosy check-back West of England cloth is so warm it only needs to be half-lined. It's got style — notice those wide dolman sleeves, those deep patch pockets, that prim, practical little peter pan collar (wear it open or closed). And it's got those lovely clean lines that only Harella genius can create. For 'happy landings' next shopping day, see the whole clever Harella range at any good fashion store. If in any difficulty, write to L. Harris Ltd., 243 Regent Street, London, W.1.

winning the war of freedom

Women's tasks today leave no room for disabilities. The active non-stop life of the war-worker demands freedom of action never before known. In this, Tampax—sanitary protection worn internally—is woman's best ally. Today it is used by thousands of workers in every field of service.

PRICES 7d. & 1/9. *Sold by BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS, and other chemists, departmental stores, drapers, WOOLWORTH'S, MARKS & SPENCER LTD. and the* ***N.A.A.F.I.***



TAMPAX

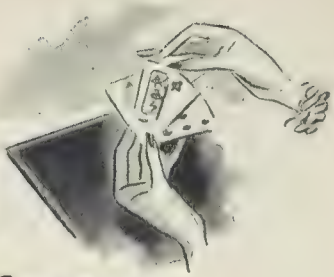
REGD. TRADE MARK

Worn Internally

For further information regarding Tampax please write to The Nurse, Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex.

Distributors : Splendor Ltd., Nottingham & London

Making Better Use of Leisure



BEFORE the war, more and more devices for labour saving were the ideal of every home.

It was a fine ideal. Too much drudgery is bad for women. On the other hand the new outlook which the war has brought us has brought also the consciousness that too much leisure can be just as bad.

If the new world of after the war is to be what we hope, we can no longer afford to expend our energies and utilise our inventive powers in creating more leisure that, in the end, is used for nothing in particular.

War has done many good things for us. It has made us more conscious of our responsibilities. Without making us prigs it has shown us that life is a pretty serious business and that if we are suffering now, it is, to a great degree, a condition which we have brought upon ourselves. We have cared too little about the things that matter, and the things that matter are the things which most women have allowed to remain outside their personal spheres.

The war has brought these things into our own lives. It has brought them sharply, in some cases horribly. If we have learned at all, these lessons are there to remain.

The sum of all this is that women of the future must be readier to emerge from their little, narrow world into the new world of endeavour, interest and understanding.

How can we do it? Women with homes are busy people, but there is always that leisure we have spoken of which science has been working for years to create through labour-saving houses, through the improved technique of homemaking. It is our task in future to go on striving to make more leisure which we shall use to the benefit of ourselves and the communities in which we share.

IN the past, many of us have been content to do a merely slip-shod job of homemaking, but this won't do for the future. We must be expert in whatever we undertake. Cooking, housekeeping, domestic economy, child welfare must all be subjects in which the average woman is highly qualified. Why not? Is it too much to hope that there will be some means of training open to every woman before she marries? That there will be discussion and experimental groups everywhere through which women may continue to learn and improve themselves.

Think how valuable a practical groundwork in nursing would be to every woman, married or single. Too many of us are utterly flummoxed at present by the simplest emergencies which arise in the home when illness occurs, and nursing experience would reduce anxiety, discomfort and expense. Here is a sensible and profitable way to utilise leisure in acquiring this knowledge. If every woman were to give some part of her leisure in part-time service at a hospital as many have done during the war, a great many domestic anxieties would be solved.

Day nurseries are undoubtedly here to stay. It is to be hoped that women who now shrink from the prospect of leaving their children in the charge of strangers will come to see the great advantages that this system holds.

In one sweep it puts a vast fund of leisure at the disposal of women who have, in the past, been tied hand and foot to the home. Obviously the facilities of the day nursery can only be open to women whose aim it is to employ the leisure thus gained for some good purpose.

Committees of women who have learned through their war training to organise with efficiency and to plan with imagination will perhaps be formed to solve the social problems of each community.

Whole streets and villages could, in this way, pool their problems of all kinds and reach solutions which are impossible where each is working only for herself.

Our health must be a greater care in the future than it has ever been. Again the war has taught us many things about diet that we should never have learned so thoroughly in other conditions. Service training has given thousands of women a new conception of healthy living and an understanding which must be developed for the good of all.

Here is another big field of endeavour for women's leisure hours. To learn and to practise the principles of healthy diet, of exercise, too, to understand the function of our bodies and to take a pride in developing standards of health that were once undreamed of.

All this means working together. It means the rejection of those English principles of reserve which have kept women so much within their own homes, so confined within their own interests. It opens up a new world of profitable leisure.

Wartime Classics

Extremely durable, yet with all the delightful style of pre-war days for which they have become justly famous, the Dolcis range of wartime shoes present outstanding values today.

The shoes illustrated are typical of the many that can now be seen at all the Dolcis Branches throughout the country.

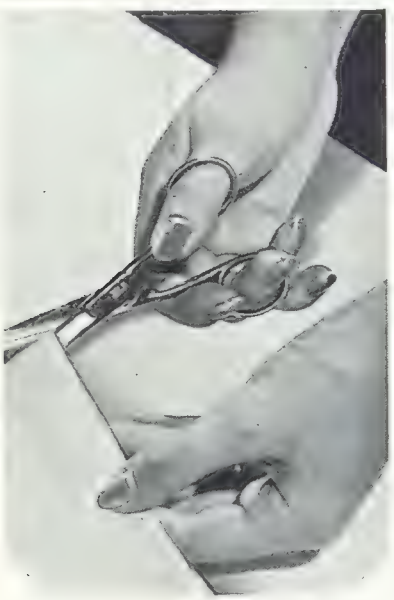
There is a

DOLCIS

Shoe Store in every large Town

Hands

THAT WORK FOR VICTORY



STYLED BY

Peggy Sage

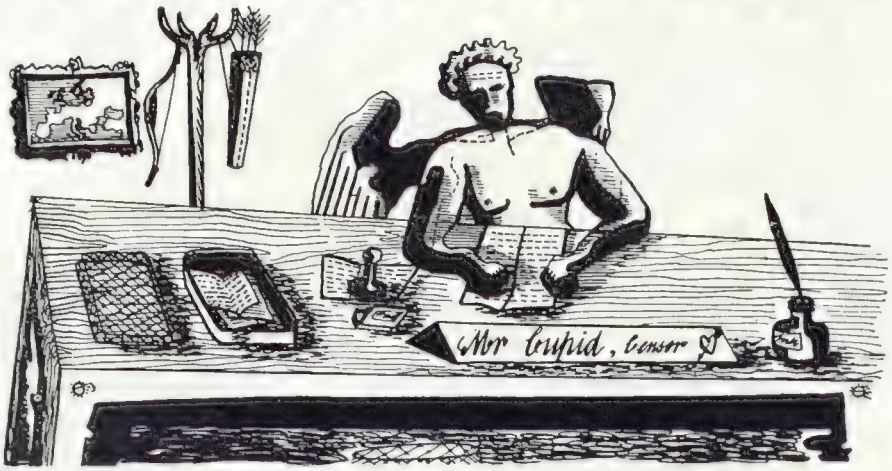
FINGER-TIP and TOE-TIP SPECIALIST

You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters.

SALONS:

LONDON: 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1
(*Corner of Grosvenor Street.*) 'PHONE: MAYFAIR 0396
NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57TH STREET

Passed By The Censor



When you write to a man who is far from home there are several very important things to keep in mind.

First of these, if he happens to be your husband or somebody with serious plans for filling that office, is that your letters are probably the most important things in his life. That leaves you with a big responsibility to sustain, and means that you can't sit down and glibly dash off the first things that come into your head.

The next is that the things you can get away with in personal contact are apt to become a menace when written down. There is a mysterious something about the written word that is potentially dangerous. A mere inflection of the voice when you speak, the addition of a smile, will render even the riskiest remark innocuous, whereas the most innocent comment in writing and without the aid of these palliatives becomes an arsenal of dangerous and explosive implication.

Everybody knows that the domestic quarrel is a normal and even a healthy manifestation of the married state. It comes and it goes. You call your husband names and threaten to leave him and he replies in kind. Ten minutes later he has suggested a movie and you have started knitting that new pair of socks you promised him. But you can't quarrel like that through the post.

Those very things that you have often said so lightheartedly in his presence and which he has accepted with the same spirit have a new and more menacing implication in black and white.

To conduct a safe correspondence with a man who is far away you have first of all to put yourself in his shoes.

Your man wants news of home, but primarily he wants to be reminded of the home he knew and loved.

Not of some strange place that home has become since he left it. The chances are fifty to one that he will recoil from the news of fundamental changes. If your letters convey to him that you have changed your outlook and your mode of life so liberally since he went that he begins to doubt if he will fit in at all when the time comes for his return, then the pleasure of news from home is tempered with anxiety.

Assurances of your happiness and well-being are absolutely essential to a man's peace of mind if he loves you, but when these assurances are so emphatic that he begins to wonder if you are not getting along too swimmingly without him then the inevitable fat begins to splutter in the fire.

Put yourself in the place of a man who has been sweltering for months under German shell fire in the Libyan desert, whose wife or fiancée writes him three pages of eulogy upon the compensations for working in a war factory when there is a super social club at which she can attend a dance three times a week. It doesn't want much imagination to understand that the effects of dust and heat and thirst and danger and the rest of it are in no sense relieved by the knowledge that your woman is at home doing the rhumba in the arms of some fellow who, by a mere freak of fortune, is spared from serving his country in a place where there are no girls but only a pitiless sun.

There are few serving men to-day who are afraid of Germans, but the toughest of them is apt to come unpinned before the fear, which frequently exists without the smallest calculable basis of reason, that his influence with the woman he loves is declining.

It is a deadly insidious torture. It is an anxiety frequently established and nourished by careless letter-writing. Women have a lot to answer for.

Don't tell him the big news of your daily life just because it *is* big. Weigh the consequences of everything you say. In charity withhold those things which may puzzle, annoy or worry him. On the other hand don't obviously withhold things.

L. W.

Brevets
by Wolsey
Coupon wizards
Klirsheer
A typical
Wolsey Shirtmaker
TWY.

SELBERITE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

BUYING LOVELY SHOES is in itself a recreation with most women. Admittedly, Arch-Preserver styles are lovely — they have a name for it, but their restful ease has to be felt to be believed. It grows on you.

SELBERITE

Arch Preserver

SHOES

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with illustrations of new styles, to ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD. (London Office): 17/18 OLD BOND STREET, W.1

A War Factory Canteen

11.59 a.m. In one minute's time the chairs at the tables will be filled with hungry but cheerful war workers

"Thoroughly whip the yolks of twelve new laid eggs, stir in half a pint of fresh cream. . . ."

Recipes advocated by that gem amongst women, the redoubtable Mrs. Beeton of blessed memory, very often started like that. They recall the naughty 'nineties, when perhaps hesitant Uncle George was speeded in his wooing of the future Auntie Mabel by an invitation to dinner, planned, and indeed very often cooked by the hopeful young woman herself.

In application, this simple, but none the less cunning, stratagem invariably succeeded—Mabel married her George and the resultant progeny on the distaff side were in turn initiated into that grand old routine which, undoubtedly, can be labelled—"Feed the Brute."

Some seventy-five years previously, Napoleon is reputed to have coined that appallingly smug truism—"An army marches on its stomach."

Napoleon, Auntie Mabel, and Mrs. Beeton each appreciated in their own way that good food, properly cooked and well served, is a prime necessity on all occasions.

While under today's beneficent guidance of Lord Woolton we cannot hope to emulate Auntie Mabel in her adoption of Mrs. Beeton's admirable, but somewhat lavish means for tickling the jaded appetite, we are, none the less, able to eat remarkably well.

This is certainly the case in factories under the direction of Sir William Rootes, and of his brother, Mr. R. C. Rootes—joint founders of the Rootes Group.

At one factory, the canteen manager has to plan up to fifteen thousand hot dinners each week at one shilling a head. Of course, in addition he has to cope with a vociferous demand for breakfasts, teas and suppers, and maintain records, which I feel would baffle the technique of a senior wrangler.

For the preparation of 2,500 hot dinners daily, with the least possible delay by the fewest possible kitchen personnel, there are, naturally, a variety of highly ingenious gadgets, of which the potato peeling machine, that deals with 56 lb. of potatoes in a minute or so, offers perhaps the premier appeal to housewives who have experienced the burden of peeling the fag end of last year's growth. This gargantuan repast is, of course, cooked by appliances of the latest labour saving pattern, with the result that the natural juices of meat and the vitamin content of vegetables are retained, their recuperative value being passed on to the war workers who are in considerable need of them to maintain the energy required in their arduous work.

The serving of 15,000 hot dinners is a problem, the solution of which calls for perfect organisation, timing and co-ordination of effort. An adaptation of the multi-point self-service system is usually employed, for experience in dealing with large numbers has shown this system to be best suited for rapid, orderly service.

Fifteen thousand people having been fed, there remains washing up. This procedure bears no similarity to the greasy penance borne in such exemplary fortitude by the ordinary housewife and by any member of her family she can coerce to aid her. In factory canteens, a machine disposes of crockery and cutlery to the tune of some 8,000 pieces per machine per hour.

As an enthusiast on all things relating to the kitchen, I feel the urge to offer sincere congratulations to whoever is responsible for the planning, equipment, and scrupulous cleanliness of these really magnificent canteens.

Equipment is perfect, especially from the labour saving angle, while good lighting is a feature of very considerable value, and one which I am sure is thoroughly appreciated by the kitchen staffs.

A state of cleanliness, everywhere scrupulously maintained, provides evidence of the extraordinary care devoted to food being prepared and served under the very best conditions.

I have to thank this great organisation for an exceedingly interesting visit, a pictorial record of which is shown in the illustration appearing above.

Gibbs
COLD CREAM SOAP
is more than
"Just Mild"

Baby's skin needs the mildest of soaps; Gibbs Cold Cream Soap is soothing and helps to guard against chafing and soreness. That is why Gibbs Cold Cream Soap should always be used for a baby's toilet.

D. & W. GIBBS
COLD CREAM
SOAP
7½D Including Purchase Tax

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., LONDON, W.1 GCC 26B

Too Old for Service

(*Continued from page 19*)

"We didn't get a chance to find out, *Herr Kapitan,*" Peg-leg replied meekly. "I dumped my code book as soon as I got your message to stop."

"Old fools!" the German snorted. "Take them below."

Men with machine-guns pushed us towards the conning tower. In the control-room, a dozen taut-faced men stood at the controls. We were hurried past a maze of gleaming instruments and gauges to a small room on the starboard side. The steel door was slammed shut and dogged down.

Peg-leg hobbled round the steel cell. "Officers' quarters," he decided. With the exception of two bunks suspended from the bulkhead on chains, the place was bare.

"What the hell was the idea, knocking me down that ladder?" I demanded angrily.

"Not so loud, Wilson."

I followed him to the door. He wasn't going to get away with that stuff. We weren't skipper and wireless operator now. We were just prisoners of war. I intended giving him a piece of my mind. But he pointed to a six-inch glass port set into the steel door. I looked out into the control-room. An armed sentry leaned against a stanchion. Then I saw that the door wasn't really locked; that the dogs clamping it shut from outside were duplicated inside.

I dropped my voice to a whisper. "That doesn't explain——"

He whirled about on his peg-leg. "God-dammit, Wilson," he breathed, "you're an old fool. I didn't want you here. Jerry's up to something. That's why I knocked you cold. To get rid of you. So I'd be on my own. But Jerry came aboard before I could stow you in the lifeboat. Now you're here, you'll just have to put up with it. We have to find out what he's up to, then stop him—somehow."

"He's hunting another easy mark like the *Rexborough.*" I suggested.

"He's looking for SMHB!"

"You're crazy. If he was, he'd have stood by our boats. SMHB's got a date there tonight. This fellow's running like hell from there."

"She wasn't listed in our code book," the skipper said significantly.

"So what?"

"So she's a warship, Wilson."

I laughed. "What the hell could this pig-boat do to a warship? Jerry's not looking for *that* kind of trouble."

"*Luftschiff!*"

Even the skipper understood that word. Planes! It filled the tiny cell with its roar, and we stared at the deckhead. A screened disk was set flush in the steel plates. We were listening in on the U-boats' speaker system.

The skipper grit his teeth savagely. "SMHB must be a carrier!"

IN the control-room, men leaped into concerted action. The Diesels fell silent as the bridge watch scrambled down the conning-tower hatch. The *Kapitan* spat orders that echoed against the walls of our prison; the wash of the sea died in a prolonged hiss. She went down in a long, gradual dive, the men at the controls braced against the slight incline of the deck.

Orders crackled over the speaker. The deck levelled off. From a number of voices coming over the speaker, I translated: "... scouting planes ... give them ten minutes to locate the lifeboats and return to the carrier." The skipper glared at me.

In self-defence, I said: "A carrier will have at least six escorting destroyers."

"Not the way we're short of 'em, Wilson. Something makes this a set-up for Jerry."

Soon we were back on the surface, the rush of the sea and the whine of the Diesels singing a song of speed. A gruff voice piped over the speaker system: "All officers report to the wardroom at once!"

I translated this, and as the muffled tread of feet sounded in the adjoining room, the skipper urged me over towards the heater grill. "That's the wardroom, behind there," he whispered. And by the time I was stretched out on the bunk, the *Kapitan's* arrival had been announced by a series of "Heil Hitlers!"

"Gentlemen," the *Kapitan* began pompously, "time is precious. I will not waste it. The approaching aircraft-carrier, already damaged by our dive bombers and with her speed considerably reduced, is bound for an American port for repairs. It is our duty to see she does not arrive.

"Having located her position with our direction-finder when she acknowledged our recent victim's SOS, we know the exact course she must steer to reach the scene of the sinking. Scouting planes have already spotted the lifeboats, and the enemy will expect us to be lurking near them. That's why we are making twenty-two knots to intercept the warships. There are only two escorting destroyers, so the whole convoy will be headed this way. When we pick up the sound of their screws, we will submerge and wait for the carrier to steam into line.

"It is of the utmost importance that complete silence be maintained right up to the moment of attack. Remember that!"

I translated for the skipper in a breathless whisper while the officers were filing back to their stations. When I finished, the skipper said solemnly: "There's about fourteen hundred men aboard a carrier, Wilson. There's only two of us."

I said: "Yes, sir. And we're a pretty old pair of sticks. But what the hell can we do from inside this steel box?"

He patted my shoulder. "Maybe nothing—maybe plenty." he replied mysteriously. He walked quietly to the door, and with the span of his hand measured the distance between the handles of the dogs. He compared the measurement with the lengths of chains supporting the bunks, and nodded approval.

"Wilson," he ordered, and led me over to the bunks. "Get those chains off. Don't let 'em rattle. Then bring 'em to me at the door. We'll show 'em."

I was twenty minutes getting those chains free. It took another twenty to silently rig them over the lugs and handles of the door. It was a good job. When we got through nothing short of a battering ram could open that door from outside. "Now," the skipper said grimly, "when Jerry's all set to attack, we'll hammer the hell out of this pig-boat. The destroyers will hear that all right." He started loosening the straps on his peg-leg. "Guess I'll not be needing this any longer," he grinned. "It'll make a dandy hammer. There's a spare piece of chain, Wilson. Use it. If Jerry tries to get in here, he'll only be helping us by adding to the din. But watch that glass port. They might smash it and try to finish us off with a gun. Scared?"

I shook my head. Sure I was scared. But I wasn't going to let him know it.

When silence finally descended on the ship, it was sudden and complete. The vigil had begun. A clock in the control-room pointed to nine-thirty.

In our steel prison, we remained as silent as the men outside. The march of time was a cheerless ordeal we shared with them, the harsh whisper of the alert an equally blessed deliverance. They had sighted the ships! The gurgle of water trickling through the statical diving gear (keeping the ship on an even keel while she lay motionless below the surface) was like the roar of a waterfall. The *Kapitan* called bearings, his narrow shoulders hunched as he clung to the periscope crossbars. The torpedo officer shifted uneasily. The navigator stood ready at the air manifold. I looked at old Peg-leg, crouched beside the door, his peg-leg upraised. He looked comical, squatting there as though about to swat something crawling on the floor.

"Stand-by!"

I stared through the glass port. Red lights on the instrument panel flashed to green. Grim, silent men nodded significantly to each other. Bearings—range—speed, were breathed over the speaker. The profound silence held for one signal moment longer, then the skipper's peg-leg hit the deck with an ear-splitting crash, and pandemonium broke loose.

There was momentary confusion in the control-room as the sentry rushed the door. Finding it securely barred, he backed off, and I ducked as a hail of lead splattered the bullet-proof glass with stellated pits. Yelling unneeded encouragement at the skipper, I added my contribution to the din. We didn't have long to wait for results.

The first thundering rumble came even before the startled crew could dive the ship. It was distant; an ominous threat that struck terror into the souls of men now striving frantically to avoid destruction.

The second one came—nearer—and the ship shuddered in the violent concussion. Screaming like maniacs, we hammered away until it seemed the very violence of our attack must knock a hole in the steel deck.

ASH-CANS were exploding in all directions. Two went off together close under the stern, driving the ship ahead in a shuddering lurch that hurled us together against the bulkhead. The roar of the destroyers' screws vibrated through the hull as they passed directly overhead. Lights flickered, went off, and came back on with a dull red glow.

"Water in the forward torpedo room!" The shriek of terror needed no amplification. She was hit.

"Close all watertight doors!" The voice was urgent; the dull thud of the closing doors like the last beat of a funereal drum.

I grabbed the skipper's upraised arm, the hammering ceased. "She's holed!" I yelled. "Finished!" My voice sounded weird in the sudden hush. I scrambled up the gradually increasing slant of the deck. She was heavy—down by the head. Clinging to the rim of the glass port, I saw the men at the diving planes straining at their huge wheels. The bows came up, slowly. But the depth gauges said the ship was still going down. Men were cut and bleeding, but they clung tenaciously to their posts. They knew their ship was doomed. It was mirrored on their taut, ghost-white faces.

The air was frigid, yet perspiration trickled down my face. I wanted to scream, and not just to be making a noise. But my mouth was dry, my throat tight and voiceless. It wasn't fear of death. I was an old man. The dread was of the manner of its coming.

"Blow safety!" It was more a sob than an order.

"What's that?" The skipper joined me, stamping his hastily donned peg-leg into a more comfortable fit.

I didn't need to answer. The shrill whistle of high-pressure air changed to a metallic whir as the navigator opened the blow-valve.

"Blow the forward group!"

There was renewed hope in the men's eyes. I laid my cheek against the cold steel.

"They're blowing her to the surface," the skipper whispered tersely. There was a sanguine note in his voice. His hands trembled as he quietly slipped the chains from the door.

To know that he, too, had known fear, loosened my tongue. "You think we can make it, too?" I demanded breathlessly.

"No telling, Wilson. Our fellows might blow her sky-high the moment her conning-tower shows. She's badly holed. Won't stay up long. Maybe two—three minutes. And we'll have to wait until that gang gets out. Not that they'll be wasting any time. Look at 'em!"

With the speed of long practice, men were scrambling into the conning-tower.

The depth-gauge indicators were almost at zero when we stepped into the deserted control-room. The blasting had ceased.

With a rush that threw us both to the deck, the U-boat surfaced. (*Continued on page 56*)

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

BOOTH'S
DRY GIN

Definitely Superior!

MAXIMUM PRICES: 22/6 PER BOTTLE; HALF BOTTLE 11/9. (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

They're Friendly
They're Smart
They're Hutton's

In a full range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

"There must be many women who go on suffering at 'these times' just as I did." If only those who suffer from wretched headaches, severe pain and mental depression, instead of looking upon these things as a natural sequence of their indisposition, would try Cephos, they'd never be without it. Cephos contains no harmful drugs. It is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street physician, a safe and certain remedy. It does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form, 1/3 & 3/-.

Single Dose 2d.

Cephos REG.

Pronounced See-foss THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Cardinal Polish

makes RED TILES bright, clean & colourful

Supplies are limited. Use Cardinal with care and sparingly.

Also in White and Green

Of all Dealers

Chiswick Products Ltd. London. W.4.

Happy Baby!

To keep Baby happy and contented and to ensure healthful sleep, use Cuticura Talcum *every day*. It prevents chafing and irritation and imparts a delightful refreshing fragrance to the skin. *Of all Chemists & Stores.* 198

Cuticura

TALCUM

FOR BABY

Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts.

Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere. Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'

Too Old for Service

I made the conning-tower ladder on all fours, the skipper close behind. A shower of invigorating air poured in on us, the jubilant cries of men released from a horrible fate rang in our ears as they flung themselves into the sea.

She was still wallowing in her own wash as I fought my way up the swaying ladder.

The conning-tower was bathed in a blinding white light that poured in through the dripping washports. I dragged myself on up to the bridge, as the nucleus of criss-crossed searchlights lit up the U-boat. The little of her foredeck that was above water was a buckled mass of metal at which the sea lapped hungrily. Aft, men were still scrambling from the escape hatch. Bobbing heads danced down the broad ribbons of light towards the destroyers.

The U-boat's tail began lifting slowly—menacingly—out of the sea as I heaved the skipper up beside me. I followed him to the deck, and the faint splash of oars sounded in the distance as we flung ourselves over the side.

FROM the white cot of the biggest sick-bay I had ever seen, I sat up to view the resplendent figure of Peg-leg Lacey. He swaggered about the white-walled room in a brand new naval uniform decorated with the two and a half rings of a lieutenant-commander. He swung the gold braid under my nose. "Nice?" he grinned. I admitted it was. He dragged the clothes from the bed. "Now get out of there," he roared. "We've slapped you raw, pumped out your stomach and filled it full of rum. If you can't stand that, you must be getting old." He walked round the bed and flung a suit of blues at me.

I slid out of the sheets, feeling like I'd been through a washing machine. "What's the hurry?" I wanted to know. "It's hardly daylight. After what we've been through, they should let us sleep a week. Where are we, anyhow?"

"H.M.S. *Blank*, aircraft-carrier, Lord Dudley Cross, commander, at sea, bound for the U.S.A. And he's waiting for us, Wilson." He caught me a stinging blow on the back as I climbed into the bell-bottoms. "Wilson," he gloated, throwing a chest, "we've saved England a carrier, fourteen hundred men, including Lord Dudley Cross, sunk one U-boat and rescued twenty-nine members of her crew. Not bad for a couple of old crows, eh? You'll probably get a V.C." He didn't have to tell me what he expected to get, it was written all over his beaming face.

"England's full of heroes these days," I reminded him. "And if we've won any decorations, it'll be the Lloyd's Medal."

He brushed imaginary specks from his coat sleeve. "Were, Wilson—*were*. After to-day, I'll be Royal Navy." He strutted back and forth, preening himself. "They might even give me command of this floating airport. 'Twould be befitting, since we saved the hulk. I could be learning the ropes while she's refitting in the States. But I'll settle for a destroyer—in command, mind you. One of the Cossack class. That's what my Lord Dudley's waiting to tell us. He couldn't fool me. I could see him licking his aristocratic chops as he read the message. Right from the Admiralty, it was. Broke an imposed radio silence to wireless the story to Whitehall. He's waiting to read it to us and the whole ship's company. So get a move on."

The ceremony was on the bomb-scarred flight-deck. Before the assembled ship's company, Lord Dudley Cross thanked us on behalf of himself and his officers and men. The destroyers streaked past, dipping their ensigns. The ship's band played "Rule Britannia." It was impressive. Peg-leg beamed.

A bugle sounded. Captain Lord Dudley Cross stepped forward, took a sheet of official-looking paper from a junior officer and read into a microphone:

"Captain Stephen Lacey: Wireless Operator Henry S. Wilson, late S.S. *Rexborough*.

"Congratulations! Your remarkable feat

has earned the gratitude and respect of the armed services and the nation. As a reward for your valour and the long years of faithful service to the country, I am making the following recommendations to His Majesty The King. That, as of this day, you be placed upon the retired list and pensioned for life with the full pay of a ranking captain. I hope to tender my personal greetings upon your safe return to these shores.

"*Signed*, W. C."

I LOOKED at the skipper's face. It was as stiff as his peg-leg. Suddenly, he pounced upon the astonished Lord Dudley Cross, snatched the message and read it through tightly-clenched teeth. Then he turned and stamped angrily away. I thought of the poor postmen who carry letters to *The Times* and Buckingham Palace, and sighed.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

The commander of the garrison, Alonso de Hoyeda, had already repulsed several attempts, and unless drastic action were taken, the annihilation of the Spaniards could only be a question of time.

It was then that De Hoyeda carried out a most daring feat. Choosing ten of his most resolute men, he mounted them on the best horses and rode with them towards the mountains. It was his intention to seize the terrible Caonabo in person. This they did, riding right into his encampment with the utmost serenity and assurance as ambassadors of the Great Admiral bearing a message of friendship.

Caonabo received them very formally, and stated that he was glad the Great Admiral recognised his supremacy and power. De Hoyeda went on to say that as a token of friendship Columbus had empowered him to offer the most precious treasure that the Spaniards possessed—the bell of the church. Caonabo's face lit up with joy. Many times he had risked his life in order to come within hearing of the melodious chime.

It was proposed that Caonabo should go with the ambassadors to fetch the bell. Followed by an immense crowd he walked by the side of De Hoyeda's horse. It was then that his attention was attracted by the silvery jingle of a chain with two shining bracelets at either end, hanging from the saddle bow.

It was explained to him that this was a sacred decoration worn only by royal personages. Caonabo asked if he might wear it. De Hoyeda assented, but stipulated that the Bath of Purification should take place first. Caonabo had to hand his weapons to his retainers, plunge into the river and then mount the horse. No Indian had ever ridden a horse before, but Caonabo was too proud to have it thought that he was afraid. Once in the saddle he extended his arms while the Spaniard fitted the bracelets round his wrists. The lock snapped. . . . De Hoyeda mounted behind him, and amidst the frantic enthusiasm of the natives rode slowly round and round. When he reached the edge of a wood he spurred the horse and with a bound disappeared into the forest. His men followed, and the little group of riders soon reached safer country.

Terrified by the speed of the horse, Caonabo had not made any resistance. He knew that he was trapped.

For a year and a half he was to hear the sound of the church bell mocking him in his lonely prison. It had been planned that he should be sent to Spain as a trophy, but Fate decided otherwise, for he died on the way and the ocean swallowed his proud body, with the treacherous "royal insignia" still clasped on his wrists.

Columbus was far from gratified at these kinds of conquests. He preferred to win by means of the spirit of Christ expressed in His own words: "Love thy neighbour as thyself." His was a dream that has come down to us to this day, and still remains a vain illusion.

(*To be concluded*)

HOW TO MAKE YOUR

FOR LINOLEUM WOOD FLOORS AND FURNITURE
MANSION
ANTISEPTIC WAX
POLISH
EXCELLENT FOR THE LEATHER & COACHWORK OF MOTORS PERAMBULATORS &c

LAST LONGER

● A WARTIME NECESSITY

The Government's restriction on the supply of all Floor and Furniture Polish means that every tin of "Mansion" must now last twice as long.

● ONE TIN MUST DO THE WORK OF TWO

We believe that many users unwittingly apply "Mansion" more liberally than is necessary to obtain the best results. Remember that a little "Mansion" goes a long way, and apply sparingly. Even and economical spread is assured by putting a little "Mansion" on the inner side of the cloth, so that it works through when rubbed over the surface. And don't forget that a brisk rub with mop or duster will frequently restore the original brilliance of Mansion Polish.

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD. LONDON. W.4.

MP/PP

FOR THOSE WHO NEED THEM MOST

Not so many CHIVERS JELLIES are available nowadays, but if your grocer has a few let them go to the children and invalids—they need them most. When Victory is won we can look forward to plenty of CHIVERS JELLIES once again for everybody.

CHIVERS JELLIES

J.377

GIBBS NOW IN BATTLEDRESS REFILLS

Prices U.K. only

7D

TO SAVE VALUABLE METAL

The patriotic way to buy your Gibbs Dentifrice is in its new battledress refill. This saves the country's metal. Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs in refill form. Popular Size 7d, including tax.

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1

GD233C

Thousands of women are keeping fresh and dainty through long days of fatiguing work; they use Vinolia—it never fails to promote and preserve fragrant freshness.

VINOLIA

6d a tablet (*Bath Tablet 1/-*)
Including Purchase Tax

The soap that freshens you

NV 261/129

for Smartness in the Services
NUGGET
BOOT POLISH
PLEASE USE SPARINGLY
SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED N/HJ

Books :

(*Continued from page 29*)

him to China, Russia, the Middle East, England and back to America, taking in the Philippines on the way. This is first-class knowledgeable stuff, with plenty of inside information and a scattering of personal experiences and adventures.

"Murder for Pleasure" (Peter Davies, 10s. 6d.) is a good title, but it is not a thriller in the accepted sense of the word. It is a history of the writing of detective stories from the first, by Edgar Allan Poe, up to the latest products for the films.

With such a huge output of these ever popular stories it would be impossible to name every author, I suppose, but I do not know of one who has been left out by the author, Howard Haycraft. This is an excellent study of what is now almost a science, critical but unbiased

Mary Allerton is one of the detective story writers mentioned in "Murder for Pleasure." Her latest product, "The Shadow and the Web" (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.), does not come into that classification. Taking a famous mystery as a basis she has woven an explanatory story about three old sisters, their sons, daughters, nephews and in-laws, and the girls' school which they run. This is grim material, with deaths galore. It reminds me of Stephen Leacock's artist, who, with a pot of tar, painted in five minutes a masterpiece which he called "Midnight in the Black Forest." There is unrelieved gloom in this, but it is written with a delicate touch and a finer touch than a tar brush, and many will enjoy its tragic sense of inevitability.

Places much in the news nowadays, such as the Solomons and Philippines, feature in "East of Singapore" by Marjorie Appleton (Hurst and Blackett, 12s. 6d.).

This is a light descriptive travel book for the not very erudite who like reading about places and people they will probably never see. Superficial but interesting.

And now I must apologise. Owing to an error I left out the name of the authoress of "Six in Sunshine," a novel which I praised recently. My apologies to Elizabeth Margetson for a quite inadvertent mistake.

END

Hero to Himself

(*Continued from page 12*)

in her voice. "I—we're engaged now, aren't we? I wish you'd asked me before—even yesterday. It seems awful to have you go just when everything is right between us. Come back soon—oh, darling, how soon?"

"I don't know, Elizabeth."

"You'll—you'll be careful—won't you?"

"Of course," he said hoarsely, "I'll be as careful as I know how."

Hungrily he'd kissed her again and left her standing there in the cold, bright sun, with tears glistening on her cheeks.

His father and mother saw him off and, as his mother kissed him good-bye and his father shook his hand, he felt their pride in him was as fierce and demanding as their anxiety. They all expect something of me, he thought miserably, all of them. And because of that, I can't feel—can't try and explain—I must try to be what they think me. . . .

BACK at his training quarters he found to his delight and astonishment that he was being drafted to the aerodrome under John Howard's command. With a sudden rush of relief, he felt, that now everything would be all right. He *would* explain himself to Howard. Howard—well, maybe Howard would give him time. Help him to understand this cowardice that had got hold of him. Yes, he would understand and help him.

But shortly after his arrival at the aerodrome, on a cold March morning, just before eleven o'clock, he shut the hood of his Hurricane and took off on his first operational flight.

He'd hardly seen Howard—well, hardly seen him to talk to. He'd sent in his request to speak privately to him but had been told only this morning, that Group Captain Howard would see him on his return from leave. He'd been dull and stiff with fear all morning and his imagination had played weird and cruel games on him, reviving in his memory every horrific tale of death in the air that he'd ever heard. But now he was walking across the tarmac with the other pilots, and he was breaking away automatically from their laughing, teasing friendliness towards his own trim craft. He heard his squadron leader say something to him and felt a hand rest lightly, reassuringly on his arm and then he was climbing into his seat and in a moment roaring up with the rest of the squadron into the sky.

And in that moment when he felt the machine respond sweetly to his will some of his fears left him. The fine edge of his imagination was blunted by the usualness of what he was doing. This was something he had learned, something he had mastered, something he had done many times before.

There was a light haze up to about 5,000 feet, with thin foamy clouds above that, but they soared above them and emerged into the clear sunshine. He looked out and down into a silent, clean, seemingly unending world of still peace and, like the slowed up throbbings of a wound, his fears eased in him and settled and all he was conscious of was a small lurch of disappointment. This was the flight he had waited and worked for, and feared. This was it and it wasn't more adventurous than any flight he had previously taken when training.

And so, shifting vaguely between disappointment and relief, he followed instructions and climbed with the rest of the squadron higher still until suddenly, and with no conscious warning from one split second to another, he spotted them.

Little dark specks on the horizon of this still world, little specks flying ever nearer to him and he knew with a swift nausea in the pit of his stomach what they were.

He saw his squadron round him break up and away and knew that he also was automatically following instructions and was going into the attack.

His hand felt hot and pulpy in his gloves and he longed with an almost insupportable agony of fear to be able to push the joystick away from him and go swinging down and out from all this waiting death and terror.

Out of the sun above him dived the slender shadow of an Me 109 and in a sort of daze he heard the quick rattle of machine gun fire, felt the little jar in the body of his plane that told him that one at least had found its home in the fuselage and he went cold and wet with fear.

He felt rather than saw the quick turn of the Me and for less than a split second consciously and with amazement, he recognised the crooked, twisted symbol of Nazidom painted on its tail and then he was rolling and twisting almost without his own volition into the intricacies of fighting that he had been taught. For a brief, unholy moment the enemy plane was clear and square in his sights and in that monent, like an automaton he let it have a burst.

And then glory and wonder! He saw his attacker twist and turn helplessly in a vain effort to right his plane that, like a great wounded bird, dropped for a moment and then lifted a little only to burst into sudden flames and scream to earth.

His mind a confused jam of relief, of quick revulsion, of wariness, was pierced with the sudden knowledge that he had got his first Jerry!

Sobered and weary he began to climb again out of the mist into the clear blue sky. There was no sign of his squadron so he turned and headed for his base. And as he went he tried to chase the edges, the lingering

wisps of the fear that had partly paralysed him, but although he could bring a quick dryness to his lips and a sudden quicker beating of his heart at the remembrance of the falling German plane, it was a fear that yet wasn't fear at all. With clear, cold certainty, he knew he would be frightened again, perhaps he would always be so before taking off, but he would never be so sick with terror again. He would be afraid, maybe, but never again afraid of being afraid.

He smiled wryly, thinking that not many have the luck to be in such a paralysing fear and yet come out unscathed, and he blessed with sudden warmth of heart the training, so carefully thought out, so assiduously taught him, that had stood him in good stead when his nerve had failed, securing him a victory in spite of himself.

When I go home again, he thought, I'll tell Elizabeth—I'll be able to tell her now. I want to tell her—I'm—I'm not ashamed to tell her—but, nobody else, ever.

SIX Messerschmitt 109s, flying in two formations towards him, seemed suddenly to have appeared from nowhere. He looked at them with a moment's disbelief and then, with a grim little chuckle for himself and his hesitation, he climbed to the attack. Flying up under them he pressed the button and sprayed them with a hail of bullets. They kept to their course and he realised that they must be returning to their base on the French coast after a patrol. But then, out of the tail of his eye, he saw the last one of the second formation do a half roll and turn back in the direction of the English coast. He dived fast after him, flashing out of the bright sunshine into the light cloud and mist. As the enemy turned to his right to climb above him, Laurie, keeping him in his sights, gave him two sharp bursts. For several seconds the climb of the German stopped suddenly and a thin trickle of black smoke started to trace and weave after him. Flying alongside Laurie saw the Nazi opening the hood of his plane to jump. For a second the two men looked at each other and Laurie saw the words "Heil Hitler" form on the other's lips before he slid over the side of his wavering plane and dropped.

When he stepped out of his plane on his own aerodrome, the sergeant who helped him pushed three fingers into three neat holes just below his seat.

"Been having fun, sir," he said laconically.

"Fun!" said Laurie. "I've never been so consistently frightened—don't know who told me flying was safe nowadays."

The sergeant grinned.

"The C.O. wants to see you, sir."

He walked slowly to the group captain's quarters.

Howard motioned him to sit down and regarded him quietly for a moment.

"I believe you wanted to see me," he said.

"See you?" Laurie's voice was surprised and then, as he remembered for what reason he had wanted to see Howard, his face flushed. He grinned a little crookedly.

"Yes," he said, "I did, but it doesn't matter now, sir."

"I see." Howard's eyes twinkled for a moment. "Well," he said, "in that case you'd better get along and make your report. By the way, did you have any luck?"

"Luck, sir? Oh, you mean Jerries. Yes, sir, I got two."

"Two!" Howard lifted an ironic eyebrow at him. "And I thought—well, never mind—I must be getting imaginative."

LAURIE REID, sitting in the bright, warm, little bar remembering the dozens of times he'd been scared as hell since that first day, felt the end of his cigarette burn his fingers. He stubbed it out and bent to pick up his fallen paper. As he laid it on the table he saw Elizabeth hesitating for a moment in the doorway. He saw her turn in her survey of the room and find him and, with a glow of pleasure, he saw how her eyes warmed to see him and how her lips quivered deliciously in a half-grave smile. She came to him and her lips (*Continued on page 60*)

Mix the children's Horlicks with water only—the milk is already in it

Mothers who keep Horlicks for their children, because of its energy-giving and body-building value, find it a comfort to know that this delicious, nourishing drink makes no demands on the milk supply. The correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with *water only*. The milk is already in it. Mixed with water only, Horlicks is a complete food-drink for children.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

Brilliance in a MINute!

It is so easy to give your furniture a beautiful and lasting lustre and keep it free from 'bloom' by using Min Cream.

Of all Dealers

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4 M/FG

brushed his cheek casually. He loved that casualness of hers.

She settled herself in her chair and regarded him.

"Well," she said in mock impatience, "I might have known you'd do something like this."

"Like what?"

"This," she said tapping the paper on the table with one slender red-tipped finger. "Getting yourself turned into a hero!"

He flushed.

"It's terrible bunk," he said. "What'll you drink, darling—the usual?"

"Yes," she said. "I know it's awfully expensive, and I know I swore to give it up—but this once—just to celebrate."

"Making an alibi out of me being a hero," he grinned at her.

"No." She shook her head slowly. "Nothing to do with you—or—or maybe just a little." Her voice died away.

"Two champagne cocktails," he said to the waiter and when they were brought he raised his glass to her.

"Well, what's it to?"

"To Miss or Master Reid," she said gravely, not looking at him.

"Darling." He stared at her.

"Darling," she copied him. "Don't look so shocked—after all we've been married for almost four months."

"I never thought," he said dazedly.

"Well, you've got to think now," she said with a determined shake of her head. "You're going to be a father, hero or no hero."

He looked at her. Her smallness, her lightness, her tiny feet, her ridiculous hands,

Hero To Himself

her short brown curls, her wide lovely eyes. Good Lord! She's only a kid herself, he thought. He felt cold all over in a sudden chill of terror for her. He leaned forward and scooped her two hands into his.

"Darling," he said hoarsely. "It's wonderful, marvellous—but, Elizabeth, are you—are you all right—is there anything I can do——?"

Suddenly she laughed at him. He could see the tip of her pink tongue, her small white teeth.

"Silly!" she said. "I believe you're frightened."

You're right! said the hero to himself, I've never been so frightened in my life!

END

Life Without France (*Continued from page* 13)

voluntarily yielded, at will, to the churches.

The French café is irreplaceable. The club of civilised man. Here the French art of living found at once its most sensible and its liveliest expression. The café did nothing less than enrich the day by hours. Instead of mooning round or going places one didn't want to, there was always the café where one could read, work, play games, meet friends and make new ones, add unceasingly to one's knowledge as people talked in sympathetic surroundings, and let off steam. All round France I used to write articles in the corners of cafés whose ambiances somehow loosened things up. "*Garçon! de quoi écrire, s'il vous plaît.*" How often did I sing that out! The café, too, was the great social leveller, especially in the smaller towns which, in other climes, can be so sticky. Curé and squire, coal-heaver and butcher, they'd get together over their game of *belote* and pass later to the affairs of the day, local, national, international. No wonder one finds a leading English newspaper writing that, having been for two years without France, the world is beginning to realise that it cannot afford to be without France. For one thing, the world cannot afford to be without French intelligence. In any railway compartment it came out, and profitable was the journey in consequence, amid a company at its ease socially.

I fain would have again the diversity of French life, of geographical France herself. Within a very few hours one could change one's world, Chinese fashion. Brittany is a totally different life to the South of France. So is the Basqueland from Savoy, and Alsace from Touraine. And Burgundy from Languedoc. Each is, or was, a different little world within France, and how stimulating to pass from one little world to the next. Climate and countryside, food and wine, accents and customs—all differed. Curious that this unique diversity of France was known only by hearsay to the majority of French people who did not travel in their own country as foreign visitors used to do.

The limpid air, the long sunlight and the relative certainty of the climate in given regions, are, among other things, on my "missed" list. One knew positively where one could get endless sun at certain times of the year. One could plan outings days ahead with certainty. And how satisfying the feeling of space and elbow-room, for France is a big square land. And then there was the open countryside. On a tramp, one could strike off almost anywhere, and no railing or wire or "trespassers keep off!" to hinder access. The great estates are small indeed in such a big, square land as France, and even they weren't always barred off. Motoring the Napoleon military roads got you places swiftly to schedule, and sometimes you'd encounter nobody in seven or eight miles. One might cruise delightfully along secondary ways, and ever with that ready box of tricks, the French garage, to rely upon.

I miss the glamour of the past and the inns of France, each of which those roads recall. Just one day in Touraine . . . the Renaissance greeting us in the residential chateaux, the names of which brought back European history dramatised: Amboise where Charles VIII died "a strange death"; Chaumont of Catherine de' Medici; ornate and Italianate Blois; that fairy castle of Chenonceaux, once a mill, straddling bridge-wise the River Cher; Azay, my favourite, and Villandry with its medieval gardens surviving; Valencay, haunted by Talleyrand and his later "steady," not that he went in for "steadies"; Chambord whose roofs might have been the top of a miniature town, so vast and various were they; Loches of the cardinal in the iron cage, and Chinon where Joan picked out her king. That Touraine intends to preserve its historical record is suggested by the Chateaux of Candé, where an abdicated British monarch married the woman of his choice, and Canges, where Weygand, imitating Ludendorff in 1918, perpetuated a new military fashion by which a commander-in-chief is the first in the field to insist upon an armistice.

Of French food and cooking, I shall merely recall that the idea of a "Gourmet's Map of France" goes back centuries and that it originated in a suggestion that one, Reynière, should produce a map "furnished with illustrations of the various kinds of food for which so many of our cities are renowned; the picture of each speciality being engraved over its place of origin." Thus, over Lyons one would see Mother Guy's snails and truffled chicken; over Rouen, *boudin*, a far lighter and more delectable affair than black-pudding; over Marseilles, *bouillabaisse* but made in the workers' dives; over Dijon, mustard; over Amiens (instead of the conventional spire) duck *pâté*, not the same as the terrine of duck's liver at Toulouse; over Paris, perhaps a *chateaubriant* from Dagorno's fronting the villete slaughter-houses; over the Morvan, a creamed ham; over Brillat-Savarin's own Bellet, that famous chicken-liver pie with crayfish sauce (what a dish indeed, if aided by the local white Seyssel wine, or better, the pinkish Arbois called "grey"). But, there you are, this is making me hungry, which isn't so good in Woolton days.

With French wines of any authenticity costing three and four times as much as normally, my thoughts do not go to the eminent "classified growths" but to the short-lived wines that did not travel well and have for that reason seldom penetrated abroad. Nothing could beat the local *vin du pays* of quality, such as Saumur's *rosé*—or the tart white of Cassis and Nantes, the faintly bubbling Vouvray, the light Beaujolais of the Charolles, the *rosé* "with a body" of Tavel; and some of these "small wines" could be most deceptive as regards their effects!

I miss what may be called "the regional integrity" of France, or the firm hold which the local past kept on the local present. Towns large and small remained true to industrial traditions bequeathed by ancestral ingenuity, skill and enterprise, and despite the inroads of mass production, France had by no means ceased to be a land of craftsmen.

I miss the tough night life of Marseilles where men can't put on airs and hope to get away with it; a good university course, the seamy side of Marseilles. And, yes, I miss the direct opposite, those "posh" resorts like Cannes, Biarritz, Deauville, La Baule, whose human menagerie was of itself worth the extra money. The strong and continuous waves of sex appeal sent out by rarest gotten-up lovelies, was another enticement. I should be glad again of the French market-places whose freshness, variety, colour and volume of produce, constantly drew me on my pre-breakfast walks.

I miss French films and French hotels and French disorder out of which sufficient order came. The acting, the economy, the wit and story of films like *The Baker's Wife* are, one sincerely hopes, lost only temporarily to us, since the prospect of regimented French films on the Nazi principle just does not bear thinking about. As for French hotels, they didn't quiz you on arrival as a cross between escaped convicts and people of extremely queer habits; and they gave you top-hole beds, and café-au-lait, croissants and butter which constituted all the breakfast I ever wanted.

French writing, even in the newspapers, is another thing I miss. In point of fact, some of the best contemporary writing went into the newspapers. Clear thinking, clear writing, economy of words. No other journalists excelled the *grandes reportages* in quest of which Frenchmen circled the globe.

I miss walking in the Pyrenees and the Jura, in Brittany and Quercy. The three weeks' walk, ever onward, could be made to yield its maximum points in France where food and lodging along the way offered a minimum of bother, where wine flowed and the scenery delighted, and where one could get clean away from tourist paths and motor-coaches. I do believe it is walking in the Pyrenees that I miss most of all and if ever young people get a chance of a cheap holiday abroad after this, let them go there. The complete release, and hang your daft universe, that was walking in the Pyrenees.

I miss the clatter of the French restaurant which enabled one not to hear what people said at the next table, and at the next and the next; "*faites vos jeux, messieurs et mesdames!*" of the Casino, even if one never played; the ages-old street cries of hawkers and the noon exodus of smart and zestful grisettes; the gigolos' stories of their elderly clients, some of the best stories ever, and the home-planning of Magdalenes of the night. Efficient housewives they, too, meant to be some day.

Recently some of us were discussing whether we'd go back to France and start again if opportunity should offer. The answer was unanimously in the affirmative though we realised it could never again be the France we knew. The plain fact was recognised that of all foreign countries France got most in one's system. It was perfectly possible to know her blemishes and shortcomings, even to fall victim to them, yet to retain one's fond regard.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Vienna 1847

In the Vienna General Hospital in 1847, having a baby was as dangerous as having pneumonia. In the stifling maternity-wards mothers died in rows.

It had always been so. In other hospitals, no less. Though science had wrestled with the problem —still no one knew why the women died that way . . .

In that hospital there was a young doctor who would not shrug his shoulders—and accept. His mind was searching ceaselessly.

One fateful day a colleague died. A septic scalpel had pricked his arm while he was on a post-mortem. And from that death—came life.

Like lightning the inspiration flashed. Had not the young doctor himself so often gone from a post-mortem straight to attend to labouring mothers? With hands tainted . . . ?

From that moment onwards, before and after ministering to each patient—he soaked his hands in 'chlorine water,' known to us in its modern form as hypochlorite antiseptic. Breathlessly, he watched the result through the next days and weeks.

Those mothers lived! Next year—out of 3,356—only 45 failed to leave that hospital alive.

To-day, the modern, practical, stable and non-caustic brand of electrolytic sodium hypochlorite is—'Milton.'

'Milton' is playing a big part in this war—in keeping the nation free from illness and infection. And—what it can do in grave national emergencies it can do for you in your home. Use 'Milton' for cuts, burns, wounds, grazes, catarrh, and to keep all the intimate orifices of the body sweet, fresh and healthy.

It soothes. It heals. It saves. It is one of the greatest friends of Britain, who found it and makes it.

Milton Antiseptic Ltd., London, N.7

Fragaria

Ripe for St. Martin's

BOTANISTS may talk about Fragaria—to you and to us they taste just as delicious when they are called strawberries.

Of a certainty those which are used for St. Martin's Jam—hundreds of tons each year—have a rich and luscious flavour which is typical of all St. Martin's preserves whatever the fruit you choose.

St. Martin's quality and flavour results in a very high demand for St. Martin's Jam. Unfortunately, there is a restriction of supplies and the best we can do in present circumstances is to assure you that our distributors and your dealer are co-operating to ensure a fair distribution to everybody.

St Martin's Jam

ON WAR TIME STANDARD—BUT

Still Unique in Quality

Makers of the famous "Chunky" Marmalade

ST. MARTIN PRESERVING CO. LTD.

MAIDENHEAD. ELY, HORSTED KEYNES AND BENTON.

Romance in Wartime (*Continued from page 32*

she asked with such dignity as she could assume while diving under the blankets.

"Nothing to which you could object," he returned grammatically. "Would you like me to order breakfast for you? I've had mine."

"I don't want any breakfast," she said shakily. "I want to go home."

"You don't really. You only think you do. You haven't laughed yet this morning. If you could see what you look like you would."

"Beast," she said.

"While you have your breakfast I will see what I can buy in the way of a school-girl complexion," he remarked kindly. "You need it. You aren't so fetching by daylight, and your perm has suffered from the rain."

Half an hour later a parcel was brought up to her. There was a comb, powder and lipstick. Three shades of rouge and an eyebrow pencil. Also a small piece of soap and a toothbrush and a tube of paste. Wanda considered them with resigned respect.

"The gentleman said," the old woman announced, "that he was in a hurry to start."

When she descended the creaking stairs which she had not noticed in the darkness of her arrival she found further instructions waiting for her.

"The gentleman said"—and before her was placed a foaming tankard of ale—"he'll have the car ready in five minutes."

Wanda drank the ale and felt better.

"In for a penny in for a pound," she told herself, and with a screech of brakes the car announced its arrival. Meekly she resumed her place next to him, while her thoughts wove schemes of revengeful escape, and then, as she felt the fresh air blowing sweetly against her face, an unusual sense of exhilaration possessed her. She realised with sudden surprise that she was feeling carefree and happy.

"I got the old girl to put up some lunch for us," Robin told her. "Never know these days—there are onions and a pasty and beer and butter and cheese. She murmured something about hard-boiled eggs. I gather she'd never heard of rationing. Lettuce, too."

"It isn't true," said Wanda.

Robin looked at her seriously.

"When you know me better," he observed, "you will realise that I am astonishingly like George Washington. It's another form of my madness. I always speak the truth. In any case," he added, "it is such perfect camouflage for one's worst misdeeds."

Towards sunset Wanda smelt the tang of the sea. As the road wound along the crest of a ridge there was a glimpse of golden water and the curving point of tumbling rocks and overhanging red cliffs. At the shore line ran a silver froth which tossed lacy fountains over the rocks as if in play. Robin turned off the road and followed a twisting lane which at every corner gave the impression that it would decant itself into the sea.

"We'll be stopped," Wanda objected, nervously. "Or be blown up by a mine or something. Must you get me killed or arrested as well?"

"I've an instinct," Robin told her.

"Do turn round while it's possible," she begged.

"I told you last night I can't," he said. "In any case, if I could, it's too narrow here."

After the next bend Wanda agreed unhappily.

Abruptly he stopped the car.

"Out, you," he ordered.

"Why?" she commenced and then obeyed. He turned her to the sunset and pointed. Against the glow she could see the ruins of a little shingle-built church, abandoned and forlorn.

Robin took her by the arm and commenced to lead her across a ploughed field.

"I'm going to say a little prayer for us in it," he said. "It's such a little church and those beasts have killed it so that no one cares about it any more."

Wanda found herself being led up the blackened chancel. There was the gutted remains of the little rose window which had been above the altar. Robin stood still.

"Wanda, will you marry me?" he asked.

Wanda found her eyes filled with tears.

"Someday? Anyway? Besides, you will," he said contentedly. With his hand crooked under her elbow he ran her back breathless to the car.

THE lane led them to a village and a substantial tea. By some method known only to himself Robin procured an invitation to accompany the owner of the cottage to set his fishing lines and haul up his lobster pots.

Wanda showed herself at home as the light wind filled the sail.

"Lovely," she threw the words at the old man at the tiller. "I'd like to live on a boat."

Faint colour had flushed her pale cheeks and her eyes were bright. The old man stared at her and his face softened.

"Aye, she's seaworthy," he said with pride. "One day I'll have her trim and shipshape again. It's not her fault she's down at heel now, she did her job and had to pay for it."

It was Robin who asked him gently, scenting a meaning behind his gruffness.

"Her job?"

"Aye, Dunkirk," the old man snorted. "Stuff they'd picked up you know, outside their equipment an' all. Didn't know, they didn't, they were still carrying it, some of them were that done. Bottles, stores. There was one feller on the last trip with a young goat he'd swum out with. Said he couldn't see it running mad without its mother." He paused and spat with some accuracy over the side. "Seaworthy she was an' all when she went out, but if the sea hadn't been like a mill pond that day she'd never have made it her last trip."

That night they dined on lobster hot from the pot of steaming sea water. In the local inn, Robin had unearthed a bottle of claret lost in the cellar grime. Yet the meal was not festive although Robin noticed that Wanda's eyes at moments held laughter and the corner of her mouth which had dropped had in a quaint way straightened itself. He became serious too.

"Tell me, my sweet, all about it. It can't make any difference to us."

"It can and it does." Her eyes were downcast and he saw her hands were shaking.

"You've just come out of prison," he teased.

"I'll be in it next." Her eyes lifted and he saw genuine terror in them. "The police won't believe me. And in any case I'd have to pretend it was all my fault or you'd probably be court-martialled."

"Whatever for?"

"All this registering me under your name—bringing me here—and everything——"

"My intentions," he insisted, "have been from the first moment, entirely honourable. To elope with one's young woman is neither criminal nor punishable, and unless you think of charging me with abduction, blackmail or threats with intent, you can't frighten me. Now confess."

"I'll tell you to-morrow."

"No. Because you won't be happy until you do. I'm beginning to know you, my dear. And I'm glad. I don't want us to have secrets from each other."

"Well," her words came very slowly. "You remember when we met you said there was a bogus Austrian—I think you said—spy—even though you seemed joking, and she lent tone to the party?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"It's me," she said plaintively. "So many people say that sort of thing. And I know they think it even if they're too polite to say it. That's why I don't go out very much. You see my family sent me over here just—just before"—her voice faltered—"the Anschluss. I think they knew what was going to happen—I don't know if it has happened to them—I get no news, ever. But I'd been at school here as a child and my mother had English friends, so that helped——"

Robin looked at her with a strange expression in his eyes which were no longer insolent.

"Poor sweet," he said. "Did she worry about the pussy cats? Well, you won't be Austrian much longer. Listen Wanda, when all this nonsense is over, I've a job waiting in New York. We'd have a sort of flat and some rich friends and some poor friends and an ice machine but not a radio. Do you think you'd like that, later on?"

He remembered saying that quite clearly and then he became aware of a most uncomfortable chill in the atmosphere. He shivered and realised that the water of the bath in which he was lying had become regrettably cold. With his toe he turned on the hot tap, but the supply seemed exhausted.

He got out angrily.

"Rationing, I suppose. What a fool to fall asleep in the first decent bath I've had in ages. And I'll probably now get flu on my first night home. God bless the English climate!"

With his teeth chattering he poured himself out a stiff whisky and added a splash of soda. It warmed him. So much so that as he rubbed himself down and dressed he repeated the treatment.

So when Anson Hayward arrived at the impromptu party to which he had been invited he was rather drunk. His host thrust a glass into his hand which he emptied automatically. Eventually he found himself standing beside a slim girl in a neat black suit with a white flower pinned in her collar.

For some moments he considered her.

"How long has this party been going on?" he inquired.

END

Lady in Rags (*Continued from page 20*)

starvation. Nearly every other passenger on the trains has smuggled food hidden in suitcases. In the city small restaurants and soup-kitchens have sprung up like mushrooms, but there are different people serving behind their counters. Even their shabby clothes and exhausted faces cannot disguise the fact that these waitresses were born to different circumstances. In these humble food kitchens, where a thin, watery soup and hunks of bread are served, clings an atmosphere that belonged in the old drawing-rooms of the city.

It is hard to imagine the hunger of Warsaw. The people have grown thin, some losing as much as fifty-six pounds. Their complexions have turned muddy, their eyeballs are incandescent. Children wander from house to house begging for scraps of food like hungry animals. Emaciated, weary mothers crouch beside the stiff, distended bodies of their children stretched out on the pavements.

What comparison can be made to paint a living picture of Warsaw today? Towns have been ripped open by earthquakes, but after it was all over they were not systematically looted over a period of years. The dirt, lack of sanitation, epidemics and mass cruelties might remind one of conditions in the middle ages, but even the San Angelo castle, in Rome, with its dungeons and oubliettes, cannot be compared to the cruelty of the prison camps of the Gestapo. Sometimes Warsaw, where horse-drawn carts have replaced motor cars, might remind one of a city of fifty years ago. The three-wheeled pedal cycles which form the chief means of transport are more reminiscent of the Far East. (*Continued on page 64*)

THE HOME OF VANTONA TEXTILES

Miss Florence Desmond, the popular star of stage, screen and radio, takes a keen interest and great pride in the furnishing of her home.

There you will find Vantona "Court" Bedcovers and Vantona Towels playing their part — just as they do in the homes of many others who have an eye for beauty and enduring economy.

In harmony with Governmental wishes for Utility Household Textiles VANTONA are now producing UTILITY Towels and Blankets.
These will still carry the Vantona name tab and should be selected for their fine quality and long life.

VANTONA TEXTILES

★ *Always look for the VANTONA Name Tab*

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD., PORTLAND STREET, MANCHESTER

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

GRIGOR for VIGOR

Reasons Why

gas is most widely used for domestic purposes: speed, cleanliness, economy

REGULO
NEW WORLD
Gas Cookers
OVER 2 MILLION IN DAILY USE

Product of Radiation Ltd.

They brought us
two evacuees
Mum smiled and just
said 'two more please'

She fairly takes the biscuit!

—*and Weston* MAKES *the biscuit*

What with the evacuees, and Dad's ARP, and the boys home on leave (besides parcels when they are away), Mum says that biscuits are indispensable.

Mum is always right—everyone finds in biscuits a food that satisfies many needs. In home, factory and office—on active service, in civil defence—nothing can replace biscuits.

Biscuits replace *other* foods. They are always ready, needing no additions, no preparation, no washing-up afterwards.

Biscuits are a concentrated energy-food, giving the sustaining, muscle-working power of pure wheat in very digestible form. Rely on biscuits—they serve your need.

WESTON *Biscuits*

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

Suits child or adult

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen doesn't 'gripe' or irritate. *And* it is pleasant to take!

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.
Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/6.
Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanbury Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED

Laxative

L508

PURE Coffee at its Best!

Contains no Chicory

Vacuum Packed—Always Fresh

PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD

NEWMAID
Self-generating
VACUUM CLEANER
Buying a Newmaid may have to be a pleasure deferred until after the war—but it's well worth waiting for.
NON-ELECTRIC
from retail shops only
BURRAGE & BOYDE LTD Newmaid Works NORTHAMPTON

Nowadays a Warsaw beggar is no longer the whining wretch with his shoddy garments, who has belonged for centuries to the lowest dregs of society. The new poor wear clothes all tattered and torn, but they are good clothes; his shirt may be hanging in rags, but it was a fine one. Hunger has accentuated his finely drawn features, yet he takes greater pride, draws more strength in bringing out his underground newspaper on a primitive press than he did when he gave orders in a comfortable office. These are values more difficult to destroy than the lives of thousands of people.

No amount of terror can make the Germans feel secure. Lately all Germans in Poland have been ordered to take up military training and be constantly on their guard. Hostile, united and determined, the Poles are dangerous enemies. Warsaw may be in rags, but her people are undaunted, and spiritually stronger than ever before.

Sit up and look Pretty in Pink with Plum Ribbon

(*Continued from page* 46)

(w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 5 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 14 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 5 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8.

17th row.—K. 7 (k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8) 5 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 16 (w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8) 5 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 7.

18th row.—P. 7 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 5 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 16 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8), w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 7.

19th row.—K. 6 (k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8) 5 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 18 (w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8) 5 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 6.

20th row.—P. 6 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 5 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 18 (w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8) 5 times, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 6.

Repeat these 20 rows.

When there are 14 ins. from beg., cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until armholes are 4 ins. round curve. Change to No. 11 needles and k. 2, p. 2 rib and work 4 ins. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 34 sts. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 72 sts. Work moss st. for 1 in. Now work as follows:

1st row.—K. 2, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8, rep. from * to within 10 sts., w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1.

2nd row.—P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, * w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 8; rep. from * to end, ending w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 2.

3rd row.—K. 1, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8; rep. from * to within 11 sts., w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1.

4th row.—P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, * p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 8; rep. from * to end, ending p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 1.

The lines of holes are thus being pushed diagonally to the right, and the 8 sts. at border are in moss st. Continue in this manner until side seam is 14 ins. Now cast off 10 sts. at opposite edge to moss border (armhole). K. 2 tog. here on every row until there are 10 dec. (52 sts.) more shaping than back armhole.

Work straight until armhole is 4 ins. round curve. Change to No. 11 needles and k. 2, p. 2 rib and keep the 8 sts. still in moss st. until armhole is 6½ ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at neck. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 35 sts. Work straight until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at outside edge on every other row 5 times.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 72 sts. Work moss st. for 1 in. Now work as follows:

1st row.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8; rep. from * to end, ending k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2.

2nd row.—P. 2, * p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 8; rep. from * to end, ending p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

3rd row.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, * k. 1, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8; rep. from * to end, ending k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1.

The lines of holes are being pushed to the left. Work to correspond to left front.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 94 sts. with No. 9 needles. Do not work moss st., but work in back patt. making V's of holes (repeating 4 times instead of 6 times always). When these are 18 ins. k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 40 sts. Cast off.

THE CUFFS (2 alike)

Cast on 48 sts,, work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 3 ins. Cast off.

TO FINISH NECK

Sew shoulder seams. Pick up 96 sts. round neck with No. 11 needles and work all k. for 2 rows. Now k. 2, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8; rep. from * to end, ending k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2. Work 3 more rows. Cast off. Into the top of this band crochet a little frill as follows: into 1 hole put 1 d.c., 3 treble, then 1 d.c. Rep. from *, working close enough to make work frilly.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on cuffs, gathering bottom of sleeves. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Thread ribbon round neck.

LARGER SIZES

An ounce more wool is needed. Use No. 8 needles for No. 9, and No. 10 for No. 11. This will fit a 36-38 in. bust measurement.

The Vest is Snug and Cosy, Likewise the Pants

(*Continued from page* 46)

armhole and work other side the same.

THE BACK

Work as front until 3 ins. of rib have been worked. Now change to st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 98 sts. Work straight until side seams are 17 ins. Now work a row of squares. Now work 1 row all k. Cast off.

THE PANTS (left leg)

Cast on at leg with No. 11 needles and 132 sts. Work 1½ ins. k. 2, p. 2 rib. Change to No. 9 needles and work the squares as in vest, working 2nd row a little different as follows:

P. 2, * p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 5; rep. from * ending p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 2.

3rd row.—K. 2, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 5; rep. from * ending k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2.

Work 2 rows of squares.

Now work st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 142 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. of next k. row, and every 3rd row after (so that dec. comes on same edge alternately k. and p. rows) until there are 112 sts. (This shaped edge should now be about 11½ ins. from widest point.) Work to within 12 sts., turn, work back. * Work to within 22 sts., turn, work back; rep. from * but work to within 32, then 42, and so on until only 10 sts. are worked. Now change to No. 13 needles and, knitting in your elastic thread at the same time, work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 2 ins. Cast off.

RIGHT LEG

Work as left, but put dec. up back seam at opposite edge, also shaping for waist.

THE GUSSET

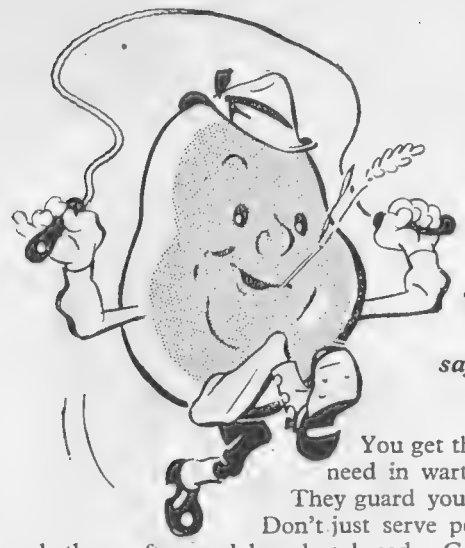
Cast on 2 sts. Work st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 24 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 2 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up vest seams. Bind top with bias binding and make straps of it. Sew up leg seams. Sew gusset between back and front seams, then sew up to waist.

LARGER SIZES

2 oz. more wool needed. Use No. 8, No. 10, and No. 12 needles in place of No. 9, No. 11 and No. 13. This will fit a 36-38 in. bus measurement.



"STEP LIVELY WITH ME"

says **Potato Pete**

You get the *extra energy* you need in wartime from potatoes. They guard you against illness too. Don't just serve potatoes once a day, cook them often and buy less bread. Give the family such tasty dishes as Floddies for supper or Potato Pancake for dinner. There are so many easy dishes to make—and they're all energy-givers.

POTATO PANCAKE

Cooking time: 20 minutes. *Ingredients:* 1 lb. mashed potatoes, ½ lb. cooked carrot, milk, salt and pepper. *Method:* Whip the mashed potato to a loose creamy consistency with a little milk. Season well with salt and pepper, add diced cooked carrot. Pan-fry slowly in very little fat until crisp and brown.

FREE—ask at any of the Food Advice Centres or Bureaux for a free copy of the Potato Pete Recipe Booklet, or write direct to the Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

Potatoes keep you FIGHTING fit

There's *Health* & *Happiness* in Weetabix

Place Weetabix first on your 'points' list and your children are sure of the body-building nourishment that will keep them sturdy and strong now, to become fine healthy men and women later on. They love Weetabix; it's so delicious and so easily digested. Weetabix is the *whole* of the wheat, and contains all the health-giving vitamins and mineral salts which make wheat the most valuable of all cereals. It is ready to eat, alone or with anything in the larder and, of course, with soft fruits in season.

Weetabix supplies just what is needed for a satisfying and substantial dish.

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½D
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1D

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants. WX 11

'SANATOGEN'

REGD. TRADE MARK

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

DIVERSION

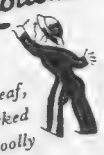
We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin'.

'Genasprin'

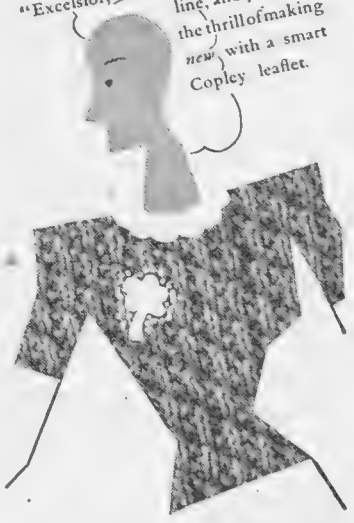
REGD. TRADE MARK

KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—TIME IT!

Copley's Couplets of Knitwise Notions



A little crochet collar and leaf, from some "left-over" worked up, makes any dim old woolly look quite definitely perked-up. . . Yes, it can be fun, "making-do"—between those occasions when your woolshop has a supply of "Excelsior," or some other Copley line, and you have the thrill of making *new* with a smart Copley leaflet.



L. COPLEY-SMITH AND SONS LTD., Manchester & London

MAKE your blankets **last longer by keeping them clean.** This will save frequent washing, and help to keep you inside your weekly soap ration!

To keep them clean—don't drop blankets on the floor when you strip or make the beds. Air them well each day and always keep them covered with a counterpane in the day-time.

Shake them well and frequently to keep them dust-free, and *hang them out-of-doors on a sunny day* to freshen and sweeten.

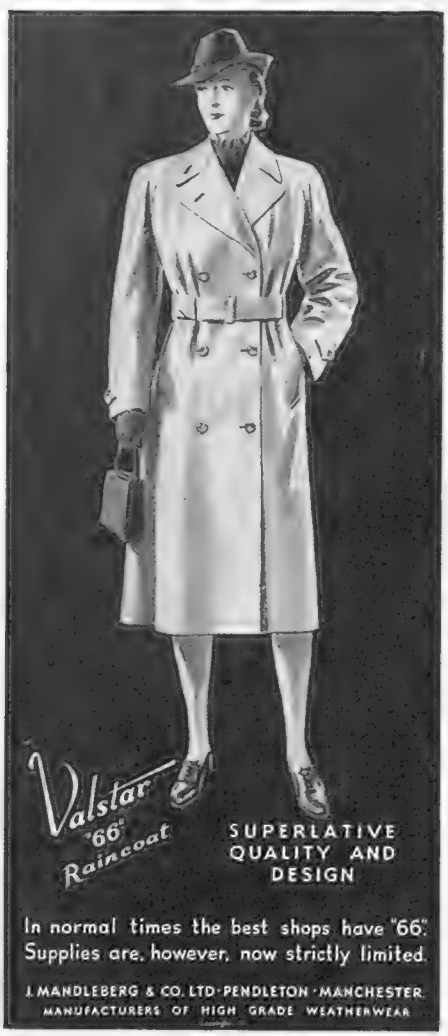
If you have our "MODERNA" Blankets, they'll last you through the war without shrinking or wearing thin. We are now concentrating on good standard blankets, at Government request, for the duration. After the war, "MODERNA" Blankets will be back in the shops in all their lovely shades and with our famous 3-Way Guarantee.

THOMAS RATCLIFFE & Co LTD
Mytholmroyd · Yorks

STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD


Valstar
"66"
Raincoat
SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN
In normal times the best shops have "66". Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.
J. MANDLEBERG & CO. LTD · PENDLETON · MANCHESTER.
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

They Built Their Bridge

(*Continued from page 25*)

bridge, which developed that distressful kink due to subsidence of its piers, and had to be shored up in 1923.

"Do you think," Mr. Nolans asked him, "that Rennie would be sorry, seeing his old bridge go?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "I think he would be glad, in the circumstances. If he were alive today he'd want to do just what you're doing with it."

Some of the old Rennie bridge remains. That part of the piers between high and low water has been faced with granite from the old bridge. Two massive granite pillars have been incorporated in the memorial panel of the south abutment, and these may be floodlit after the war to make them conspicuous from the north embankment.

Slimmer, proportionately lighter, streamlined with a functional simplicity which expresses the spirit of its age—that is the keynote of the new. Although it is, roughly, twice as big—80 feet wide against Rennie's 42 feet, and built to take six lines of traffic—its weight is considerably less. Instead of nine arches, each of 120 feet span, there are now only five, each of about 238 feet clearance. Road traffic above, river navigation below, have been greatly facilitated; loads exceeding the heaviest peak traffic can be taken, and the heaviest modern vehicles will present no problem.

IT relies for its effect on general lines and proportions, not elaboration of detail. Stand below the bridge, on the north embankment. Before, your view was shut in. Now the first arch soars above you, springing from the inner side to the first pier, well out in the river. There is no interruption of the river wall, and you have a continuous view of the Embankment's sweeping lines.

Twin piers and arches with a flat soffit between them give an unusual effect; from the Embankment you get an inspiring vista of the under part of the bridge, terminated by the memorial panel at the south end. I can see visitors to London making a speciality of this as one of the engineering sights of the city; meccano-minded youngsters will be thrilled by it, for it shows at a glance how the bridge "grew"—the pier and arch work that had to be done before the deck could be imposed upon it. The builders seem to be saying to you: "Just stand here and see the bones of the thing; we don't make any extra charge for showing you the 'innards' of the job, and you may learn something about modern bridge construction—if you're interested."

One general point strikes the spectator who gets an angle on the bridge as a whole: it has been designed to harmonise with the Portland stone-faced buildings on the north bank with which it is connected. It is severe, dignified, like the Somerset House, Lancaster Place, Shell-Mex background. It is fit and right for such a setting, just as it would be wrong were it a new Westminster Bridge under the Houses of Parliament, which would require a very different design.

The whole job, despite the cramped space, was remarkably free of accidents; two fatalities resulted from that "blind spot" which may afflict the best and most careful of men once in a lifetime—and only once if they're unlucky. In one, a ladder was placed against a pile which had already been loosened from its bed, and both went crashing; in another a cement-truck locomotive wasn't stopped when it should have been, and that went crashing, too. But Mr. Nolans had a wonderful team—the sort who induce him to say: "I have a real admiration for the British artisan—he's as good to work with as any, anywhere in the world—and better."

So they can all shake hands on a good job as good as done under war difficulties and dangers: The London County Council and their chief engineer, Sir Peirson Frank; Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the appointed architect;

It's divine!
It's distinctive!
It's DIFFERENT
Tattoo!

The gold-dusted South Seas maidens who know all love's answers found the dawn-dewy secret that belongs only to Tattoo! Dawn-dewiness glamorous transparent stain instead of greasy coating! Tattoo . . . put it on . . . let set . . . wipe off . . . only the colour stays! A lure that's sure to endure . . . through war work and everything! Tattoo . . . the *different* lipstick.

● METAL MAKES GUNS! Keep your Tattoo holder: buy refills, especially in the 6/6 size.

Tattoo Ltd.

6/6 *inc. Purchase Tax* (*refills 4/4 inc. Purchase Tax*)
3/6½ *inc. Purchase Tax* (*refills 2/2 inc. Purchase Tax*)

NOW TEN SHADES

TATTOO *your lips!*

They Built Their Bridge

the consulting engineers, Rendel, Palmer and Tritton; the contractors, Peter Lind and Co., Ltd.; and every man-jack on the job, down to the fellow who wore out his boots kicking I.B.s off the bridge, and the chap who brewed the tea.

The Last Heil!

(*Continued from page 28*)

further off her course. The gesture made Schelm's automatic kick again in his fist. But the lurching spoilt the fanatic's aim. Friedrich's head nodded sharply as the stubby bullet hit it with a tiny "snick". The hand clasped on Fasse's knee slackened, dropped away. Friedrich's body settled down in its seat, slid against Fasse. Fasse thrust it away.

Steadily the bomber throbbed away over the sea.

Fasse turned to look at the Gestapo man just as a heavy flying-boot reached down from the astral-hatch and kicked at Schelm. Schelm's head jerked back. He snarled. The automatic lifted . . . and recoiled as the trigger was squeezed.

Held back awkwardly by his parachute straps Fasse endeavoured to reach the gun Friedrich carried.

Schelm shot Fasse, coolly, deliberately.

The Gestapo man was capable of taking the big aircraft home but Fasse's body slumping on the wheel sent the plane into a left-handed spin which terrorized Schelm.

Desperately up the rotating, nearly upright cat-walk Schelm climbed and fought frenziedly at the release-hatch.

The screaming wind plucked him forth.

Breathless, his teeth bared, Schelm, dropping like a swooping hawk, counted . . . and tugged at his rip-cord.

Below in the moonlight the aircraft, Death at the controls, pulled out of her spin and went into a long slanting power-dive.

Schelm secured his automatic. For a moment he had thought to cast it away. But someone might still live in the bomber for there had come to him floating high above the clouds no noise of a crash.

Striding across the dunes were tall, steel-girdered pylons. Pancaking a landing close to one the aircraft had slid forward and one of her wings had crashed into the metal legs. The pylon, near snapped off, leant at an acute angle over the plane.

A dune rounded like the breast of a woman leapt up at Schelm. His parachute pulled him rolling and bouncing and bumping over its sandy, lichen and flower covered surface into what was either brambles or barbed wire. His clothing was ripped, shredded, his flying-boots were wrenched off, his body torn and scratched.

The automatic pressing into his breast recalled him to the present and the possibility that one of the crew still lived.

On his knees he gulped at the night air. On his feet he staggered. But he was stiff, erect, fanatically, fatalistically intent when he reached the crashed plane.

Pilot, second pilot, observer and gunner, all were still, posed naturally as though in sleep. They seemed peaceful, carefree.

The Gestapo man pulled himself stiffly to attention standing on the broken wing by the engine nacelle with its twisted propeller.

"Those who fail the Führer—die. Those who serve him—live." Schelm intoned with a religious fervour. He stiffened tautly and his voice rose. "Heil Hitler!"

A mile away, debouching from lorries on the isolated coastal road, khaki-clad troops saw a great blue flame stab into the night. They heard the tearing hiss as high tension wires flashed their mighty power through a new-made circuit. Blue flame changed to scarlet. A great roaring explosion threw them down to cover on the sheltering towans.

From the pylon leaning over the bomber wires dropped six and a half feet above the ground near Schelm as he stood triumphant. His hand, flung up in the Nazi salute as his last "Heil Hitler!" boomed out, smacked against those wires, and his feet were bare on the metal wing of the bomber.

INDIGESTION
Relieved Instantly!

'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a sour acid stomach, and relieves acute gastric pain, in almost as little time as it takes to tell. For stomach troubles, indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sick headache and acidity; for furred tongue, nausea and upset stomach caused by foods that disagree, there is no finer remedy the world over than 'Milk of Magnesia.'

The relief it gives is marvellous—instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia' as directed. You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Get either the liquid preparation or the remarkable new 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They're delightful to take and you can carry them in your pocket or purse. Each tablet is equal to a teaspoonful of the liquid.

Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/5 and 2/10 (*Treble Size*) Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 7d., 1/1½d., 2/3 and 3/11½d. (*Including Purchase Tax*).

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Regd.)

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Creamy, Delicious, Nourishing
ROYAL
ARROWROOT
DESSERT

EASILY MADE-EASILY DIGESTED. NO SUGAR NEEDED

4½D EACH PER PINT PACKET

3 FLAVOURS
CARAMEL
CHOCOLATE
VANILLA

Equally delicious served HOT or COLD

PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.

The quickly made sweet — *Healthful — Delicious*

An unexpected treat in wartime — Little Miss Muffet Fruit Flavoured Junkets. Milk in its most digestible form. Nourishing, because made with milk. Healthful and delicious, because of their true fruit flavours. Yes, sugar (or saccharine) is required. Children love them. They look and taste so nice.

Little Miss Muffet
THE ORIGINAL
FRUIT Flavoured Junkets

Still obtainable—still only 7½d. (makes 3 lovely pint junkets).

RASPBERRY - ORANGE - LEMON - VANILLA

STOP THAT COLD WITH
VAPEX
A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

Knight's Castile
for face appeal

NEW STANDARD TABLET 4D.
(PRICE INCLUDES TAX)

KC 299-57-100

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E16

The Fifth Rib (*Continued from page* 16)

eyebrows showed as much attention as any film star's. She was knocking a red-hot ingot about in a way that would have made any brawny village blacksmith stare. She provided another answer to a whole complex of questions.

The girl wasn't using a blacksmith's sledge. She was operating a power hammer. Mechanisation, in fact, has brought within the reach of woman—not a frail creature, but weight-for-weight a weaker being than man, with a smaller heart and lung expansion, and a metabolism less rapid in the ratio of 100 to 141—occupations which previously were beyond the strength of all except quite exceptional females. Levers formerly pulled by brute force are now mechanically assisted by compressed air or hydraulic apparatus, so that girls are now being trained to operate rail signals. Machine tools, like power-riveters and hammers, have been lightened, made handier and foolproof. Metallurgical advances have brought some of the items of the blacksmith's shop—chain-link forging, for instance—within the scope of a woman's strength. So have automatic lathes and other cutting and shaping machines.

What has been happening these three war years is a gradual take-over of the jobs which men would normally be doing if they were not needed for fighting. But these jobs are only economically, not biologically, male jobs. They are bi-sexual jobs. Either a man or a woman can handle them.

The roots of inequality were pulled up in the last war. But women have really been readying for their role in this global war for the last seventy years. It was the machine that took them out of the home, widened their horizons, and gave them new freedoms. In peace time there were women blacksmiths, aeroplane pilots, engineers, farm workers, machine tenders, athletes. There would have been many more if opportunity had offered. War provides such an opportunity.

Some fallacies have been exploded. As car drivers, women are rated below men. But the Western Command record for the best driving, on the accident-minimum test, is held by an ATS unit. Driving one hundred and twenty-six vehicles ranging from fast staff cars to ambulances, the unit had only one fatal crash in three years; and the driver was exonerated in that case.

A high rate of absenteeism among women in industry was forecast. When there was an inquiry into women's absenteeism in one big war factory, it was found that there was usually a good reason—better in most cases than the reason for male absenteeism. Mothers were the most frequent absentees. A husband or son came home on leave. Mother took the day off to do the family washing. Or one of the children was sick.

IT had been feared that war work would make women, especially the younger ones, flighty, and foot-loose. They would develop a restlessness which would unfit them for healthy home life. Actually, it has been found that women are so attached to their homes that they will endure all the hardship of wartime travelling to and from work rather than use the hostels provided. Some travel fifty miles or more a day, and work eight or nine hours a day. Home is home, whereas a hostel, however well equipped, is always a hostel.

Britain is ahead of Canada and America. On the last count Canada had only 50,000 women working alongside 750,000 men in war industries. The man-power problem there had become serious before Associate Defence Minister Major "Chubby" Power faced up to the woman-power question. It was awkward. Quebec is anti-feminist, and Quebec means the French-Canadian party, which holds balance of power in politics. And then—"the girls," said the Major, "God bless 'em, all want to drive generals around, and there aren't enough generals for that."

However, by the end of 1941, the Canadian armed forces were recruiting women to drive staff cars, pack parachutes, administer offices, army stores and canteens, handle phone switchboards, carry messages and cook.

The Americans aren't drafting their women yet—they've got a pool of 50,000,000, of whom 10,500,000 at the last census were "gainfully employed." With about 1,500,000 in war industry now, they reckon within the next two years the factories will need another 4,000,000 to release men for the fighting services.

It wasn't till last July that they picked the first 450 women to train as officers for their WAAC, based on the British ATS. The officers started drilling the first ranker recruits some weeks ago. The ARP (Warning Service Branch) has first call on the American WAAC; the Army clamours for them for cooking and stenography.

It was an American officer, Colonel Joseph Baer, greatly daring, who just before Pearl Harbour blamed America's pacifism, and young men's disinterest in an Army career, on women's enervating influence: ". . . we (men) turned our sons over to women to educate them and influence them. . . ." The accusation could aptly be extended to Britain prior to September 3, 1939. But after their total-war experience, will women's influence on the young male be as softening as it was in the 'twenties and 'thirties?

It's a question. But one thing is certain. The "*kuche, kinder, kirche*" prescription for women has finally gone. It never will return—unless the Nazis win, and gauleiters put the women of a conquered Anglo-Saxon world where they belong in Teutonic philosophy and practice.

END

Prepare Your Mind (*Continued from page* 15)

in its present use. But we did know the type. Two days before sailing to Bergen I had arranged to dine with a wealthy Scandinavian at his London club. He had bought a farm in his homeland, where, after a successful career of fifty years abroad, he had intended to retire. He made no bones about saying that one of the greatest triumphs of his life would be to return, to the same farm on which he had been born as the son of a peasant, to be the "big man." Without realising it, he was a pure Ibsen character. But he declared: "I shall never go back to my own country now. *Those Socialists* have ruined it. Just look at the taxes!"

These taxes, for education, health, social services, had raised, in Scandinavia, man to the highest level of living he had reached anywhere in the world under capitalism—England herself, when she is asking how these services should be run now, could take profitable lessons from Scandinavian examples, things already established. But this man made it clear that he hated what he chose to call "the Norwegian Reds," far, far more than he feared any harm from the Nazis. And there is your reason for the Quislings in Scandinavia.

THIS brings me to the third Revolution in thought which, I think, is imperative on the part of all English facing the post-war years: and that is—to be quite specific—to see clearly the harmful influence of London city upon the life of these little islands. British capital is a Quisling.

These things are incontestable: the £4,000,000,000 of English capital invested abroad is the worst enemy of British farming—because, as an example, investments from British railways in the Argentine must be paid back in Argentine products: chilled beef and farming products. It is a cold fact that, up to this war, the British working-man lived almost entirely upon cheap, imported foods. It is also a fact that in the Argentine to-day there is a strong political body, composed of conservative, rich land and cattle owners, whose avowed policy is to hold back the industrialisation of the Argentine—for fear that reduced imports of machinery from Europe would mean a reduction of *quid pro quo* Argentine meat and wheat exports. Realise also, that it is not only the cheap (but saleable) Japanese goods which have cut down British textile imports to India and the Far East; some of the biggest cotton mills in the world are in India—owned by London capital.

And British capital, it should be clearly realised, is never patriotic. How much of it do you see invested in the British colonies or colonial possessions?

WORSE than that, this ability to loan money is too often taken as an ability to fight. Or as a substitute for action. The Credit Anstalt, in Vienna, is in trouble—because the French won't give the loan they promised—unless the Austrian Government agrees to drop the idea of the Austro-German Customs Pact. Very well, loan them £5,000,000—but don't, for it is not politic, tell the French politico-financial policy to go to hell. Result: Credit Anstalt closes its doors—in May, 1931—and the world slump is in full flare over all of Europe. Then the Japs, seeing that the Western World is over its neck in financial chaos, decide it is just the right time—September, 1931—to launch their "expansion on the mainland of Asia" policy, beginning with Manchuria.

Greece, let us say, is threatened with a Nazi invasion. Very well: loan Greece so and so many million pounds. Etc., etc.

I'm not saying that these loans weren't useful, or at least meant to be useful; but I do say that this tendency to say: "Oh, let us loan them so many million pounds" *had* come to be accepted by the British as *their* contribution in the initial stages of too many crises in the present war. And, such being the case, this prevented more realistic thinking—thought that would lead to armed aid, or, at least, make us see our own weakness in not being able to give effective aid.

Those are a few lines of New Thought, which, if they were kept consistently in mind by all British voters, would radically alter the life of the new Britain. I think they are thoughts which are bound to come. I am merely enumerating them because I, as a foreign newspaper correspondent, have been writing about their necessity for a long, long time. Such thoughts themselves will demand constructive leaders in British political camps; practical, proved, yet none the less idealist statesmen; they will bring a scientific attitude towards the handling of social services—thus more engineers and scientists into Government; they will demand a *national* use being made of Britain's huge investment-potential. They will lead to the planning of post-war England, for the people, by the people—where the brains and wealth of this Empire will be given full and fair play.

This may not bring Utopia. But thinking along these lines should be the war aim of every honest Englishman or woman today.

END

1.10.42

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 18s. 6d. per annum, 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d., and for Canada 16s. 6d. per annum, 8s. 3d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

Streamlined Pleated Skirt

WITH THE FAMOUS 'KONERAY' HIP-SLIMMING PLEATS

Fine quality material cleverly cut to fit closely over the hips and open out to give a delightfully full skirt, having three "permanised" pleats front and one back. Supplied READY FOR SERVICE *in various attractive materials, or* MADE TO MEASURE *for 15/6 in your own material, by good fashion houses everywhere.*

GOR-RAY

EVERY GENUINE GOR-RAY SKIRT HAS A GOR-RAY LABEL ON THE WAISTBAND

Issued by C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE

Scientific

Rids Teeth of Acid Fur

LET THE TIP OF YOUR TONGUE TELL YOU

Run your tongue round your teeth. Do you feel the acid fur that starts decay? Acid fur ruins your teeth with stains and decay. But you can get rid of it and end the danger today.

Acid fur is caused by mouth acid.

To get rid of this acid fur you must use an antacid toothpaste. 12,000 Dentists know that the most effective antacid is 'Milk of Magnesia'. They recommend their patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the *only* toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'.

Don't delay, start a war against acid fur today, before it ruins your teeth.

Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and use it night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to living. A mouth that will say "Good morning!" and mean it.

Sold everywhere 1/1 and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax).

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia

CONTAINS 75% 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'. (REGISTERED)